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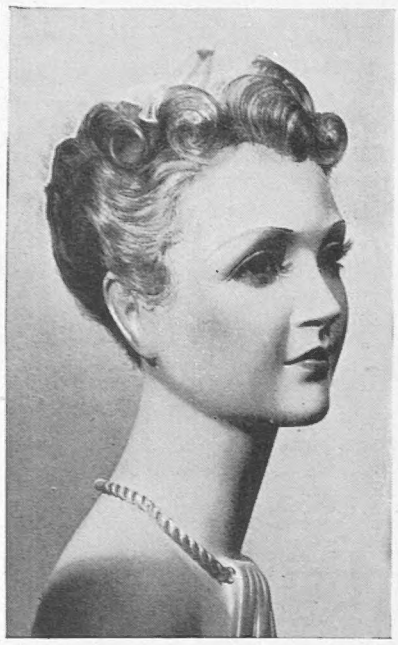

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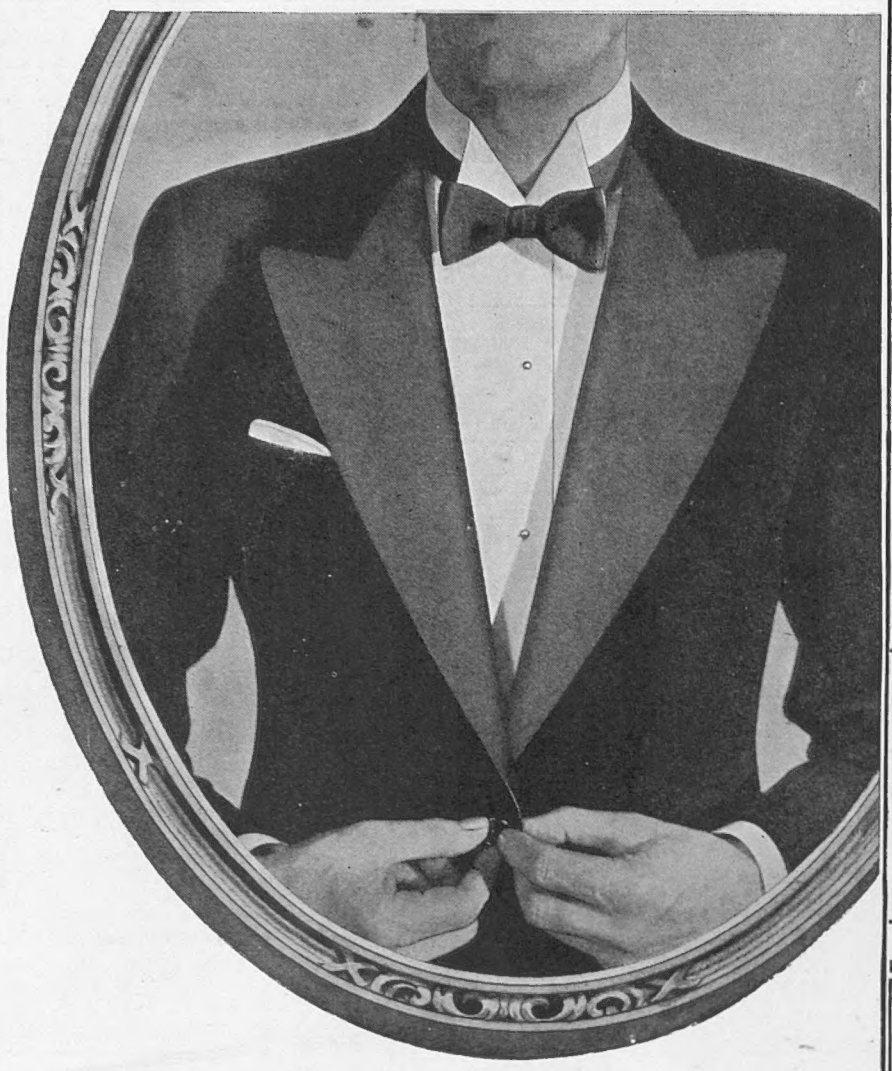

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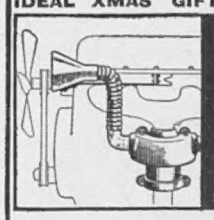

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THE SPHERE
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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, November 12, 1938

FILLING THE GAPS IN BRITAIN'S ARMOUR

A Heavy Naval Gun Under Construction: A Scene of Activity in one of our Armament Works

This week saw the inauguration of the fourth Session of the Parliament elected in 1935, and there is no doubt that from beginning to end its dominant theme will be defence; for the lessons of the recent crisis have not been forgotten and the gaps in our armour, which the War Minister so freely and frankly admitted last week, are to be closed with all speed. It was known even before the crisis that the total cost of the five-year programme of rearmament would substantially exceed the £1,500,000,000 contemplated in the White Paper of 1937, and, now that the programme is being further intensified, particularly as regards aeroplane production, the public is aware that further heavy financial sacrifices may have to be made in the interests of security. Meanwhile Britain's naval rearmament is making strides, and early in the New Year H.M.S. *King George V* and H.M.S. *Prince of Wales*, our first full-sized battleships designed since the great war, will be launched on the Tyne and Mersey. They will each be of 35,000 tons, will carry ten 14-in. guns, and will be capable of 30 knots

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THE TWENTIETH ARMISTICE SUNDAY IN LONDON: One-legged, ex-Private H. E. Day selling British Legion crosses on the Field of Remembrance (outside Westminster Abbey), after it had been dedicated anew by Bishop de Labilliere, Dean of Westminster. Thereafter there was an all-day and all-evening pilgrimage to the spot, many thousands of crosses being planted in the lawn by relatives and friends of the fallen

32-34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, November 9, 1938.

ARMISTICE DAY—TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

— Twenty years have gone by since that first Armistice Day, spent by me in Flemish mists. We have forgotten many of its details wherever we spent it. There remains the vivid memory of unutterable relief and high hopes of better days. Since that day we have known no permanent relief, met constantly worsening conditions. The fear of war was not removed. It has grown, and recently we passed through another August 4, 1914, with its fears and horror intensified, and we lived in a month all the mental agony and stress of four years of war. It is small wonder if we ask ourselves what special significance we can attach to Armistice Day, 1938, to what national and world use we can put these two minutes of silent remembrance for the dead who died—it seems still—in vain. Lest we forget! We forgot all too soon the heroism, self-sacrifice, and nobility of the war years, and our forgetting was our undoing. We forgot the tremendous warning, "Vengeance is Mine, and I will repay," and it was our undoing. If on November 11, 1938, all men of all races look back into the abyss, which is still so close to their feet, and vow by all means of good will to seal it up for ever, then still there is a chance that those millions of dead may not have died in vain. And indeed this is the last chance for repentance and rededication. Now is the accepted time.

A.R.P.—It is bare justice to let Sir John Anderson see what he can do in combination with the fighting service departments (and all the rest of them) to regain "Britain's insular security." It is not a very satisfactory phrase, perhaps; insular security suggests a narrow view and a lazy mind, both things which have handicapped us in the past. But we know what Sir Samuel meant when he made his apologia. Announced decisions on A.R.P. included making permanent, and we hope more sightly, existing trench systems where they were properly sited, the building of splinter and blast-proof shelters for "all men, women, and children," and possibly of bomb-proof shelters also, though that is a large promise. And 500,000 people will be earmarked for paid posts in A.R.P. in time of emergency. Let us leave Sir John to work out his schemes in peace, only praying that when he comes to deal with evacuation and country areas he will not be too prone to adopt the advice of Whitehall as to conditions obtaining in rural areas. Those conditions are still far more primitive than Whitehall knows. Sir John means to spend money. He means to spend freely the taxpayers' money. He says so. Meanwhile it is some satisfaction to learn that the nation's little bill for the crisis was greatly exaggerated by rumour. And so to the new session, opened yesterday with the customary ceremonial.

PLAIN DUTY OF CITIZENSHIP.

—I have been concerned of late about my own opinion of Parliament, not so much as an institution, but as regards its present practices. When I ask my friends I find most of them concur with me in paying very qualified respect to that great institution because of the failure (in our eyes)

A LONDON NEW

of so many of its members to understand *our* view of its functions in times of peril. The business of Government is to govern; the business of the Opposition (even under a party system) is not always blindly to oppose. On the contrary, the co-operation of the Opposition in times like these is at the very root of the system of Parliament and party politics. Two heads are better than one, and co-operation between opposing views is what the country expects and pays for. For years past parliamentary opposition has lost caste in the country through failure to realise the shrewdness (not to say the loyalty and patriotism) of this function of Opposition. Blind opposition to, or grudging acquiescence by their leaders in, all and every Government measure or achievement has damaged their parties as well as the Opposition, and it has served the country very ill. In resigning recently from the Labour Party Mr. Hughes, K.C., had some frank criticism to express concerning the Labour Party's policy during and before the crisis. The first duty of the Government of any country, he said, is to preserve its own people and to preserve them in peace. When the Premier sought co-operation with Opposition parties to that end, he failed to obtain it, and a crucial international opportunity was lost. Incidentally, there was lost also a crucial opportunity for rehabilitating the British parliamentary Opposition parties in the country's eyes. Mr. Hughes saw in the Prime Minister to-day the only realist and the only prototype of true Socialist ideals. The Labour Opposition has no policy, or one so muddled as not to deserve the name. It calls the recent avoidance of war a surrender. It declares that war is inevitable. And it sits on the fence in regard to the Premier's declared policy—to make Britain strong for defence and for securing lasting peace. The Opposition parties not only waste the country's time and money in blindly opposing, but by heaping abuse on dictators render the Government's efforts towards appeasement more difficult even than they must be. Our system of Government is not now and never was intended to be inconsistent with parliamentary and national unity. And not one in twenty of the party leaders and private members in opposition or in revolt appear by their utterances to have any conception of what the public believes to be their function and bare duty. It is small wonder if we despise the party system, rank the profession of politics very low among the higher professions, and view with amazement the importance with which this or that private member invests his own opinions expressed in public speeches. To us his words are the buzzing of an irritating gadfly. To him they are *vox dei*.

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?

—Japan has now got control of all that part of vast China which means anything to the average ignorant westerner, like myself. It is large enough in all conscience, rich enough potentially. It is an area so large and so densely populated as to be beyond the easy comprehension of nations which count their populations in tens where China counts in hundreds. To gain that control, Japan has expended tremendous efforts and strained her financial resources to the limit. In China hundreds of thousands of soldiers and civilians have died, and millions of pounds of property, owned by half the nations of the world, not least by the conquerors, have been destroyed. Areas as big as European states have been laid waste and put out of cultivation, and the trade of China is brought to a standstill. History is not always reliable. The evidence of the past history of unhappy China might lead one to suppose that she would now sue for peace and knuckle under, *reculer pour mieux sauter* by devious and underground methods of diplomacy, at which she is an adept. But China has changed with the changed world and none who has read the history of the Red Armies in the post-war years can deny that truth, nor prophesy that China's resistance by arms is near

WHAT A TRANSFORMATION: Captain Manuel Arguelles (second from right), skipper of the Spanish Government steamer *Cantabria*, which was sunk last week off the North coast by General Franco's sea raider *Nadir*, pictured with his wife, his two children Gona and Ramon, and the Spanish Consul during a visit to the consulate following their arrival in London. Now turn to page 257 of this issue, and see the very different pictures of the family taken immediately after their rescue by the Cromer lifeboat

LETTER: By the Old Stager

United under Chiang or alone, the Reds in China will surely fight on with all their wonted courage and endurance while 100 square miles of China remain unconquered. At the moment Japan's vast conquests in China boil down to those areas where her armies are near enough to enforce control by arms. And as the Japanese advance farther and farther into that part of China which is so dark a mystery to westerners, so will the dangers and problems, military, political and economic, of the war increase and multiply. It may be that the attempt to kill the germ of Communism will result not even in scotching it but in largely increasing its field of operations.

PUBLIC RELATIONS, WAR OFFICE.—Quite what were the duties (and exactly what the importance of such duties) of the Director of Public Relations at the War Office, I did not fully comprehend when the late Major-General Alan Dawnay was appointed. We know now that they were responsible, important and very worrying, for they hastened to his grave untimely a very conscientious, hard-working and clever soldier. I got a better notion of the importance attached to that office when I learned that in the event of war the P.R. department would be instantly strengthened and largely recruited by trained journalists and writers who had joined the latest specialist reserve of ex-officers. Now Ian Hay fills General Dawnay's post. The war left him a major. He won the M.C. during it, in the course of writing several famous war books such as *The First 100,000*. He served in the A. and S. Highlanders. From major he springs at one fell swoop of destiny and at the age of sixty-two to honorary major-general; as quick promotion as ever the Belisha wand or beach accomplished by a wave. Ian Hay, the author, is now Major-General Beith and public relations with the army are in his capable and tactful hands. *The Last Million* should reach the million mark in no time. The pen, I always felt, is mightier than the sword. The sword made Ian Hay a major; the "general" was added by a stroke of the p[en].

SCOTTISH ART.—The Royal Academy's winter attraction is one which I have often angled for in the Press. The great point about Scottish art is that, for various historical and geographical reasons, so much that is worth is still little known to the general public. After all, when Johnson toured the Hebrides in the eighteenth century he was engaged in an exploration comparable with Livingstone's, and it was George IV in the 1820's who first put Scotland on the maps of English "adventurers." Thus the galleries of Scottish castles hid their secrets for centuries after the galleries, public and private, of houses in England and on the Continent were catalogued. Of all painters of men Raeburn and Ramsay are the most satisfying and cheerful and efficient. Character and colour were their strong suits and we are to see sixty examples of men and women from their brushes. Jameson is another painter—little-known to art lovers—who will be represented. He grew to fame in the reign of Charles I and was a Court painter who had studied under Rubens. The "Glasgow school" will be well represented in works traced down from Wilkie, Geddes, and Nasmyth, and there will be several interesting conversation pieces depicting Scottish sports and pastimes and several rare and curious documents in colour illustrating the beginnings of golf. Plate, armour, and, of course, Jacobite relics are better known in London through various charity exhibitions. There will be plenty of these to see.

THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE.—It is disappointing enough to read Hitler's latest speech at Weimar. It followed Mr. Chamberlain's sane, restrained, friendly, and impartial restatement of British policy, and it contained vague but trenchant charges of betrayal by the democracies. He lashed the democracies for timidity, and at the same time "convicted" them of reckless incitement to war. Why did he do it? The answer lies surely in the fact that for all his great achievements Hitler lacks the armour of statesmanship. He was not bred up in its traditions, and he is highly vulnerable to criticism. Living in a country which he has muzzled, he cannot comprehend what to-day is, in consequence, democracy's greatest handicap, the free expression of political opinion by opponents of the Government in power. You and I hear what Mr. Churchill, Mr. Greenwood, or Mr. Nicolson say, and if we do not agree with them we dismiss them as tiresome but harmless mosquitoes. Hitler gives to their utterances the same importance which they themselves accord to those utterances. He is obsessed with the idea that these critics will shortly come into power (or he affects to be so obsessed). If only he would realise that there is no prospect of these men coming to power, and, alternatively, that if they should do so, they would pursue exactly the same policy which Mr. Chamberlain is pursuing (since they have nothing constructive up their sleeves), then Hitler might sleep quieter in his bed or at least have less irritant poison to pour into his public speeches. He is not solely to blame for keeping "that mournful feud alive which else had died." The heavier responsibility lies to-day on those politicians who continue the mud-slinging match (like second-rate prize-fighters billed for a big fight), despite an education in statesmanship and a long breeding in political tradition, both of which Hitler lacks. And terribly to blame also are the B.B.C. and other news organisations which day after day publish in full and in detail the growls and catcalls and invitations to hate and distrust which are the daily fare of "semi-official" newspapers in Europe. What matters to-day (and only to-day matters) are all the deeds and some of the utterances of the Governments in power. Ours is not an ephemeral creation. Mr. Chamberlain's health is good and there is no one else we are anxious to sample.

STANDS BACON WHERE HE DID?—Spenser's grave in the Abbey has been opened and nothing has come of the impious desecration. The desecration of a tomb is not a thing to be undertaken lightheartedly. The hope that it might result in a discovery of great historical interest was too remote and childish to be taken seriously. It was a 1,000,000 to 1 chance quite unjustifiably taken, and if in any sense the Abbey authorities are trustees for the nation, the nation is entitled to know on what serious grounds the decision was made. It has not disposed of the weapons of the Baconians, and it never could have done so.

THE OLD STAGER

LORD NUFFIELD'S LATEST GESTURE: The great motor magnate and philanthropist wearing the uniform of Hon. Colonel of the 52nd "A.A." Brigade as he greeted Mr. Hore-Belisha, the War Minister, on the latter's arrival to open the Brigade's new headquarters at Acton. In the course of his speech the War Minister said: "A fortnight ago at Cardiff I told the story of a benefactor who had started a fund to provide sports facilities for the Territorial Army. I announced that the founder had started it with a gift of £50,000 on condition that another £25,000 was given by others. I can now reveal that benefactor's name. The signature on the cheque was the familiar word 'Nuffield,' which I myself did not recognise easily but which the bank did immediately"

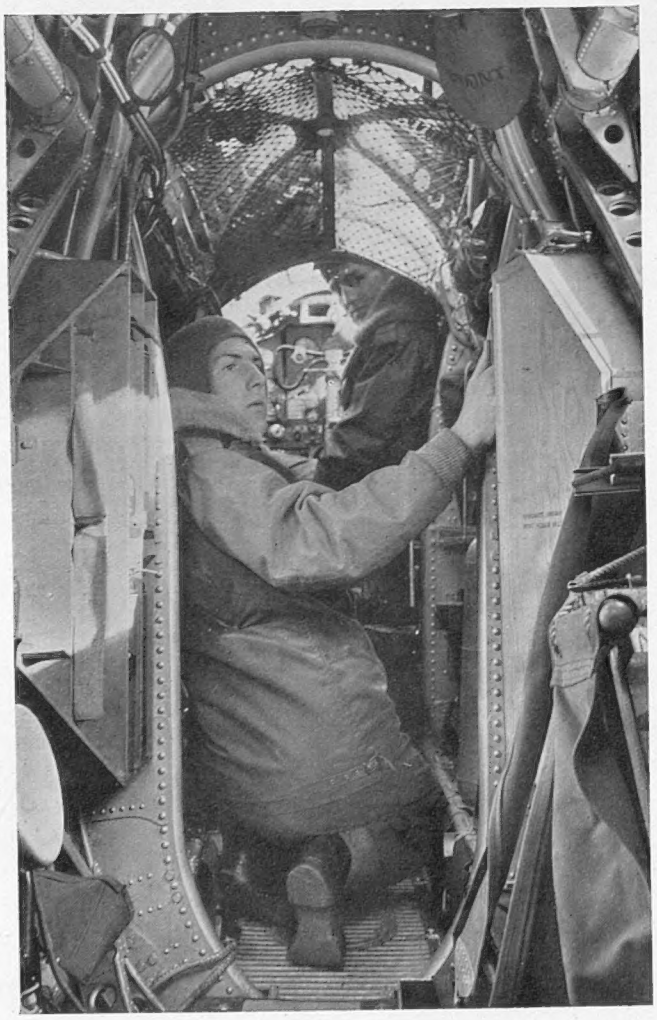
Date. 1918	Aeroplanes: No. of planes over land.	Places Raided.	Our Casualties: Killed.	Our Casualties: Wounded.	Our Defence Measures: No. of defending aeroplanes sent up.	Our Defence Measures: No. of guns in action.	Remarks.
18th Feb.	(?)	(?)	0	0	55 machines.	47 gun-stations.	Doubtful if any Germans came over land.
7th Mar.	Five.	Hertford, Bedford, Essex, Kent, *London*.	23	39	42 machines; nothing seen; two pilots collided and were killed.	122 gun-stations.	No moon. Aurora borealis. All Giant machines. First 2000-lb. bomb on Warrington Crescent.
19th May.	Thirty-three	Essex, Kent, *London*.	49	177	84 machines.	126 gun-stations, fired 30,337 rds. Casualties from A.A. fire: one killed, eight wounded.	13 German machines over London; two of the German machines were Giants; three Gothas shot down by guns; three Gothas shot down by our R.F.C., one crashed in England (engine failed), three crashed in Belgium.
17th June. 18th July. 20th July.							Three single reconnaissances over the coast of Kent; no bombs dropped.

HOW LONDON'S DEFENDERS TRIUMPHED IN 1918: This table, reproduced from Major-General E. B. Ashmore's classic work on *Air Defence*, which was published in 1929, shows how in the last year of the war German air raids on Great Britain dwindled to nothing, thanks to the measures taken by Major-General Ashmore and his colleagues. The whole subject, which is of deep interest in the light of what is being done to-day, is discussed in detail on pages 250-251 of this issue, while the following quotation from the book evidences how apposite the author's opinions still remain to-day: "*The overwhelming importance of London, compared with the rest of Great Britain, as a bombing target during the great war, was no merely temporary condition; the relative importance of London is likely to increase rather than diminish. In London to-day is centred at least one-third of the total activities of England; this vast agglomeration of wealth and energy is so disposed as to form a most convenient target for bombs; this vast agglomeration of wealth and energy is so disposed as to form a most convenient target for bombs; it is too near the coasts that give on to the Continent to be easy of defence; it possesses an ideal leading mark in the Thames estuary. . . . Bombing in England, outside London, may be troublesome; it may even cause heavy casualties and damage; it can never be decisive. Further, the zone of the defence of London, covering as it does a large part of south-east England, will automatically give some protection to the central districts. If we defend London we go a long way towards defending England, morally and physically*"

BRITISH

How the Three

ANNIHILATORS OF SPACE: A composite picture giving two impressions in flight of the three R.A.F. Vickers-Wellesley light bombers which flew last week-end from Egypt to the Antipodes, one of them alighting at Koepang, Timor, after flying 6,600 miles non-stop from



SPACE AT A PREMIUM: Looking towards the cockpit of one of the Vickers-Wellesleys. The man in the foreground is operating the device which lets down the pilot's seat while the relief pilot is taking over. There is such a shortage of space that without a device of this sort it would be by no means easy to make the change-over in mid-air. *On right*—One of the flyers pictured in his long-range flying kit before the take-off

THERE is something transcendent about the R.A.F. long-distance record flight, an achievement superb in the disdain of its executants towards the polite conventionalities of world record flying.

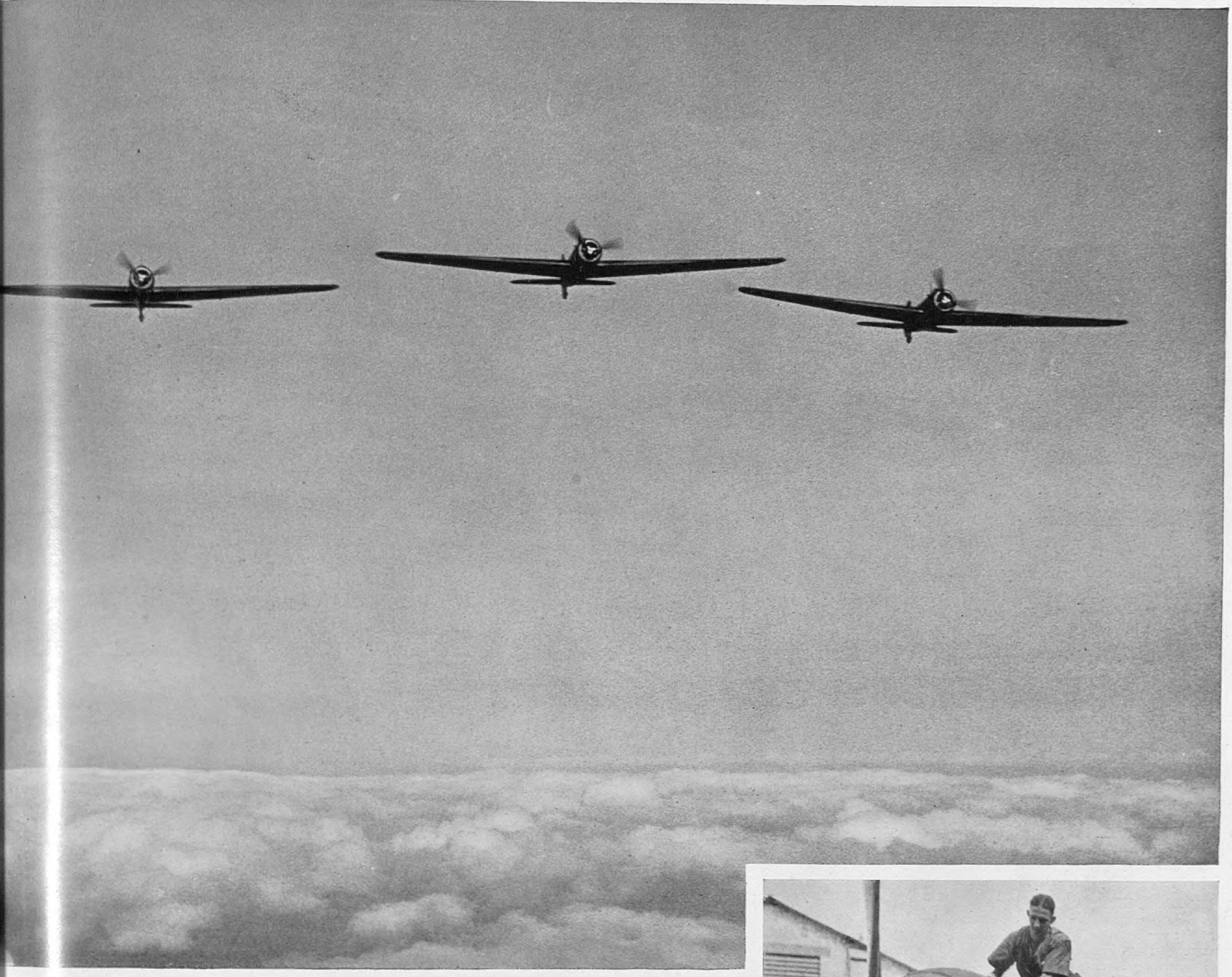
Since the war, world records have been mighty hard to come by, for the very good reason that a tremendously high standard of attainment has been necessary for their success. After all, it must be a combination of outstanding talent to produce a machine that will fly faster, higher or longer than any before. Generally, world records of this nature have stood for a year or more before they have been beaten, evidence in itself that they are extremely difficult for even the resources of a whole nation to gain. And invariably, when they have been won, they have been achieved by a specially-built aeroplane whose component parts have been designed for one object and no other—the capture of the record.

What a superb gesture of confidence, then, was the decision of the Air Ministry a few months ago to equip three almost standard light bombers to fly *together* a greater distance than ever before had been flown by even one highly specialised long-distance aeroplane. And what credit is due to the R.A.F. personnel who prepared and flew them with such apparent indifference to the feat for which they were aiming. Those three Vickers-Wellesley bombers are of a type with which a number

WHO'S WHO OF THE FLIGHT: left to right—Sergeant J. H. B. Gray,* Sergeant T. Lieutenant A. T. D. Sande Wing Commander O. R. Gayf Wing Commander Gayford * part in the flight. The na

BOMBERS SMASH THE WORLD LONG-DISTANCE RECORD

R.A.F. Vickers-Wellesley Machines Flew from Egypt to the Antipodes in 48 Hours, Two of Them Reaching Darwin Non-Stop



Ismailia, Egypt, and the other two, which had more petrol left towards the close, flying direct to Darwin, Australia—a distance of 7,160 miles. Thus all three machines easily surpassed the world's long-distance record of 6,308 miles held by the Russians, putting up a joint performance that reflects the highest credit on R.A.F. material and personnel. The machine which came down at Koepang could probably have made the Australian coast with its remaining fuel, but it was decided not to take the risk when those points are threatened, in a minimum of time. The formation of the long-range flight, which is permanently in being based on Upper Heyford, is evidence that the Air Ministry is aware of the potentialities of this weapon of mobility; this record by the flight is only incidental to its main object.

The men who made the record seen at Ismailia, Egypt, before the start. Standing, Houghton, Flight Lieutenant R. T. Gething,* Pilot Officer M. L. Gaine,* Sergeant Dixon,* Flight Lieutenant B. K. Burnett,* Flight Lieutenant R. G. Musson,* Flight Sitting, left to right—Flight Lieutenant A. N. Combe,* Squadron Leader R. Kellett,* D.F.C., A.F.C., Flight Lieutenant H. A. V. Hogan,* Flight Lieutenant P. H. Dunn. In charge of the unit and made all arrangements, but he did not actually take of those who were in the Vickers-Wellesleys are each marked with an asterisk

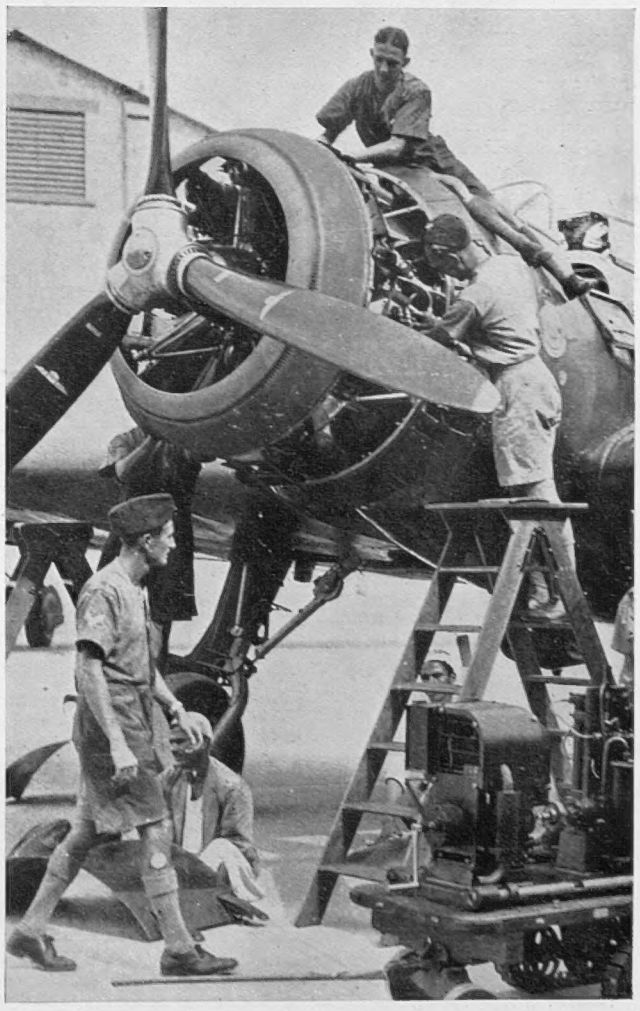
No less important is the proof that bombers can take in their stride the spanning of an ocean 2,000 miles in width if they can fly over 7,000 miles from Egypt to Australia. Many believe that our strength in the future depends on the development of Canada as the Arsenal of the Empire. Plans are already laid for extensive military aircraft production in the Dominion, whose factories are far out of reach of bombers engaged in any European conflict. This record flight shows in no uncertain terms how a flow of new bombers may be maintained in war-time into this country to take the place of those lost. Strategically, therefore, we gain tremendously by developing long-range bombers, not just because they can bomb distant objectives, but because they can be built the other side of the Atlantic in factories free from raids. No other country in Europe can have so certain a supply of machines.

Nigel Tangye

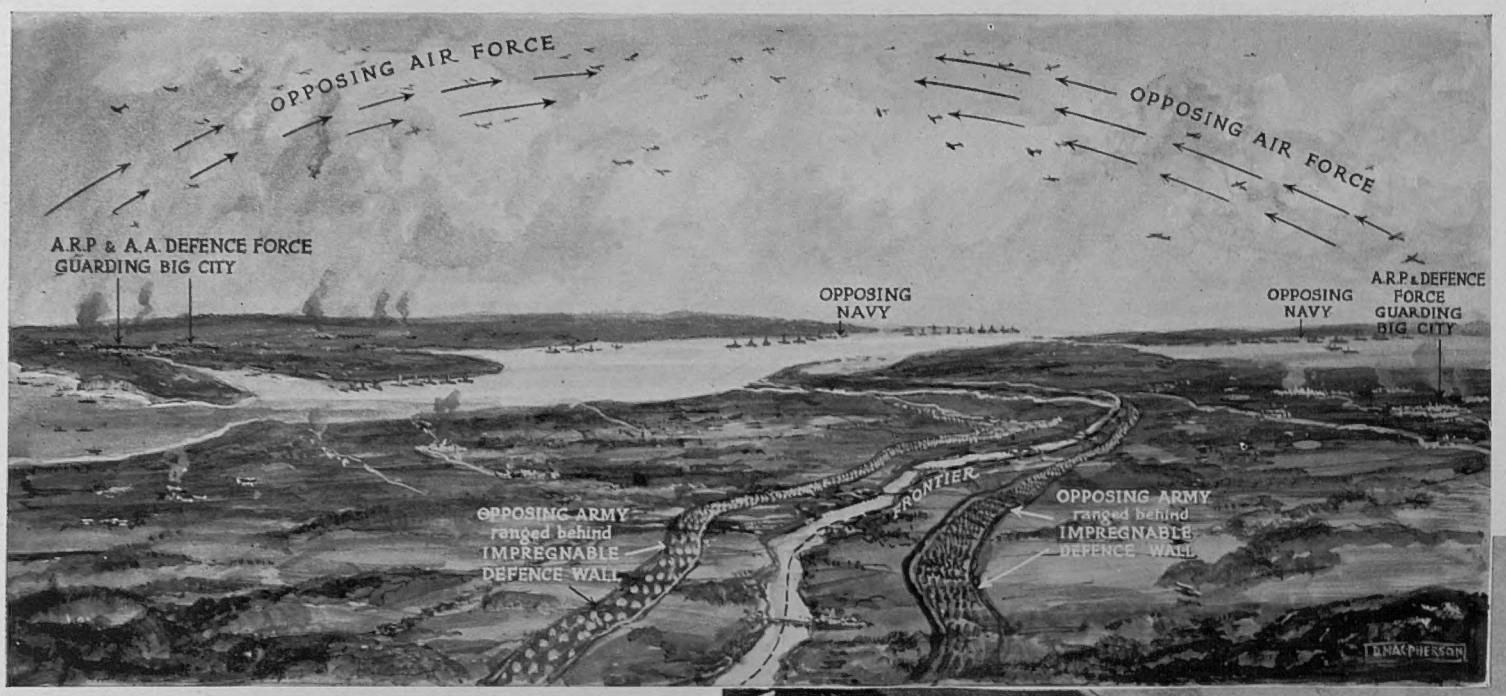
of R.A.F. squadrons are already equipped. The only major difference between them and the standard service machine is the provision of extra petrol tanks.

It is a matter for satisfaction, especially at a time such as this when our defences are meeting with more than their fair share of criticism, that standard R.A.F. bombers are so far ahead of others in the realm of range that three of them can nonchalantly capture the world long-distance record.

There are several significant lessons to be learnt from this record flight. The obvious one is the realisation that the R.A.F. can be made sufficiently mobile to fly units to strategic points in the Empire,



BEFORE THE OFF: Men engaged in preparing one of the Vickers-Wellesleys on the flying field at Ismailia, where many days of hard work and intensive organisation preceded the spectacular flight which came up so fully to the Air Ministry's expectations. The machines each have a single Pegasus engine, and the fact that each of these ran continuously for forty-eight hours without a hitch is tribute indeed to their great qualities



STALEMATE: The land position which has forced air defence to the forefront of military operations. Here in this diagram we see two opposing lines of giant fortifications facing one another. It is presumed that neither can penetrate the other. The result is that the mobile arm, the air force, becomes of paramount importance in the opening days of a conflict. The great cities are under immediate threat and all the mechanism of air defence, both active and passive, must be tuned up to meet the onslaught

THE

How London 1915-18 Period

of fighting planes by wireless telephony, then in its youth, added to the strength of the defence.

London had to endure one continuous spell of night raiding owing to a period of fine weather conditions in late September, 1917,

"The Sphere" has already referred to the volume "Air Defence," written by the late Major-General E. B. Ashmore, the defender of London against air attack in the great war, as far as that work gives light on "A.R.P." The volume has, however, another and very important side in showing how London was actually defended from air attack. It is from this military angle that we now refer to it again. In the volume, published by Messrs. Longmans, the author shows how the London air defences grew until in 1918 the enemy air command realised that attack upon London was not worth while. The defender of London is strong in argument upon the necessity of active defence for the city itself and the small value of counter-attack. This point of view appears to be growing in strength to-day, and we attempt to show in these two pages by means of diagrams the situation which has brought Air Force to such pre-eminence, both as regards our own particular situation and war in general. The position of stalemate on the ground is shown and the resulting rapid resort to the air arm. The manner in which, ultimately, London was successfully defended in 1918 is shown in another diagram.

MAJOR-GENERAL ASHMORE traces the defence of London from an attack from the first Zeppelin raid on May 31, 1915, to the last, which took place, also in the month of May, three years later. He himself did not take command until 1917, when the London Air Defence Area (L.A.D.A.) was formed.

The first Zeppelin raiding of this country was tentative and it was not until May 31, 1915, as already mentioned, that a Zeppelin found its way to London. During the remainder of 1915 four Zeppelin raids took place over the metropolis. At first there were only a few old aeroplanes and very few serviceable anti-aircraft guns, but from September, 1915, when Sir Percy Scott took control for five months, the number of guns rose considerably. The ground observation was also very primitive, but, says Major-General Ashmore, "directly raiding began, the necessity for knowing the course of hostile aircraft over this country made itself felt. But not till after the unified command came in 1917 was it realised that the *whole system of defence should depend on this knowledge.*"

To the end of 1915, the only completely successful actions against the enemy were the destruction of *LZ. 37* by Sub-Lieut. Warneford, near Ghent, and the hitting of *L.12* by a 3-in. gun at Dover.

In 1916, the defending planes were concentrated into three flights and searchlight practice was developed—the guns which had at first been mobile were also placed in better fixed positions. Zeppelins were attacked by machine-gun fire with air-cooled Lewis guns, superior at that time to the German water-cooled guns. Darts and bombs were discarded. Incendiary bullets proved very effective.

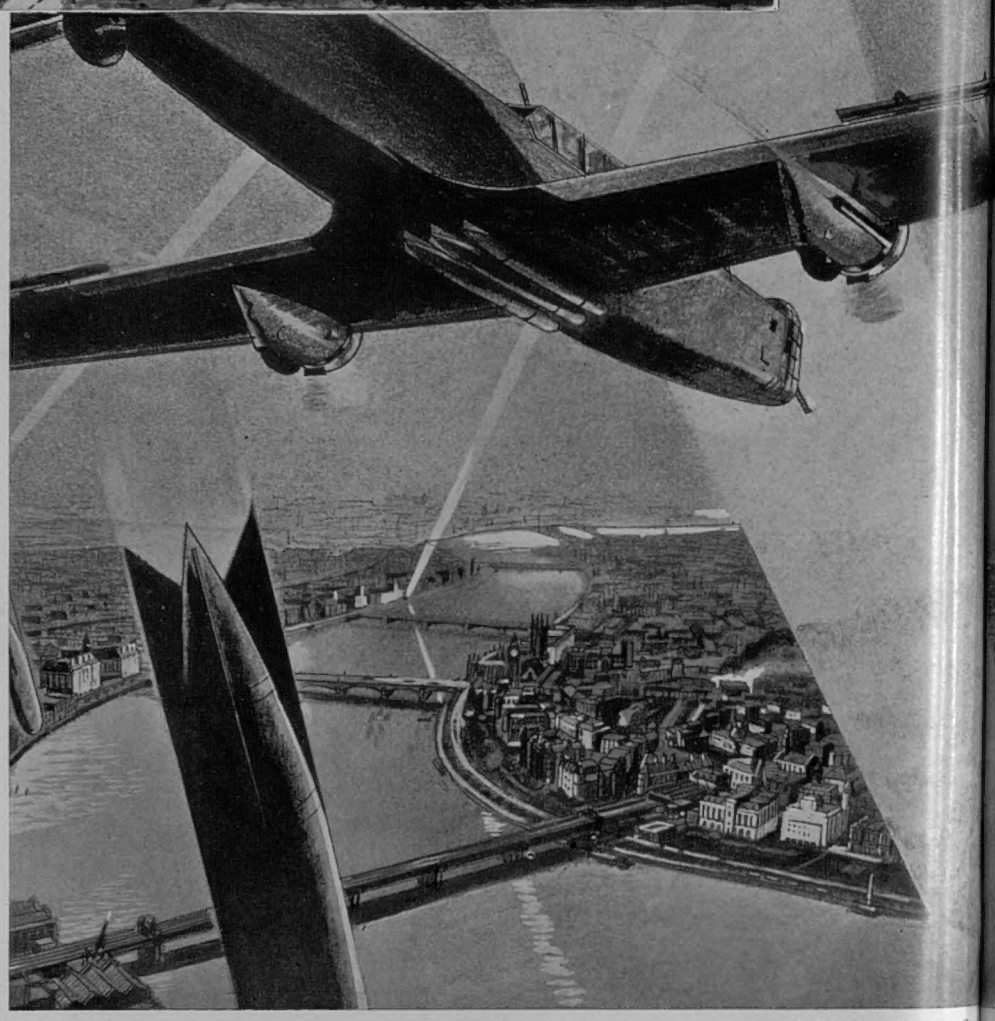
The darkening of cities proved that Zeppelins frequently missed their objectives. Flights of Zeppelins sometimes sixteen in number would set out, but increasing destruction would break up the attack until on October 1, 1916, the airship menace was overcome.

The danger then took the form of *daylight raids by aeroplanes.* The first really successful attack on the city occurred on June 13, 1917; ninety-four machines went up to meet the sixteen raiders. The difficulty with the defence was to get into effective touch with the enemy. The invading bombers flew at 70 m.p.h. The defending pilots fought bravely, but the necessity of a system of linking them with a ground control system had not yet been sufficiently realised.

Gun-fire areas had to be separated from fighting areas in the air (see diagram). At this time 100 to 120 fighters could be put up. When the reorganisation took place (L.A.D.A.), the arrangement of a definite barrage line and the better disposition of squadrons of fighters gradually told on the attack until after the raids of August 12 and 22, 1917, daylight raids ceased.

Daylight raiding having proved too expensive to the enemy, *night raiding* took its place and on September 4, 1917, the first enemy planes reached London in the darkness. Sopwith-Camels were among the fighters sent up for the defence.

Searchlight use was more fully controlled, only being brought into operation when active combats were beginning. The first balloon barrage was at this time tried out, with good effect. A gradually increasing toll of invaders from gun fire took place and a linking up

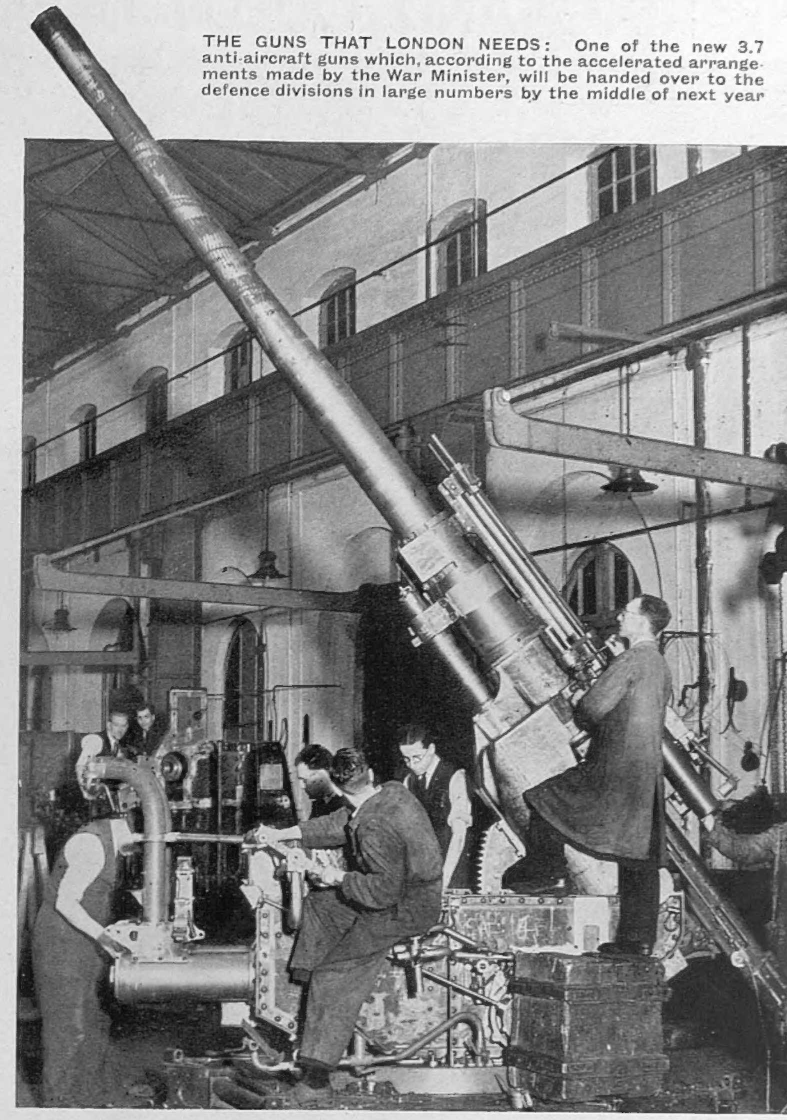


Drawings by James Cr

IF A LONE BOMBER GOT THROUGH . . .

DEFENCE OF LONDON

was Protected from Three Distinct Types of Attack during the of the War by a System of Linked Ground and Air Control



THE GUNS THAT LONDON NEEDS: One of the new 3.7 anti-aircraft guns which, according to the accelerated arrangements made by the War Minister, will be handed over to the defence divisions in large numbers by the middle of next year

but after that period the odds were going gradually against the invaders. The defence was becoming hotter and hotter and when on May 19, 1918, a numerically big raid was made over London, three Gothas were totally destroyed by fighters and others wounded. Three more were shot down by gunfire. Thirty to forty machines had come over, ten were destroyed. The percentage of destruction was too high and after that date air attack upon London ceased. The defence had won.

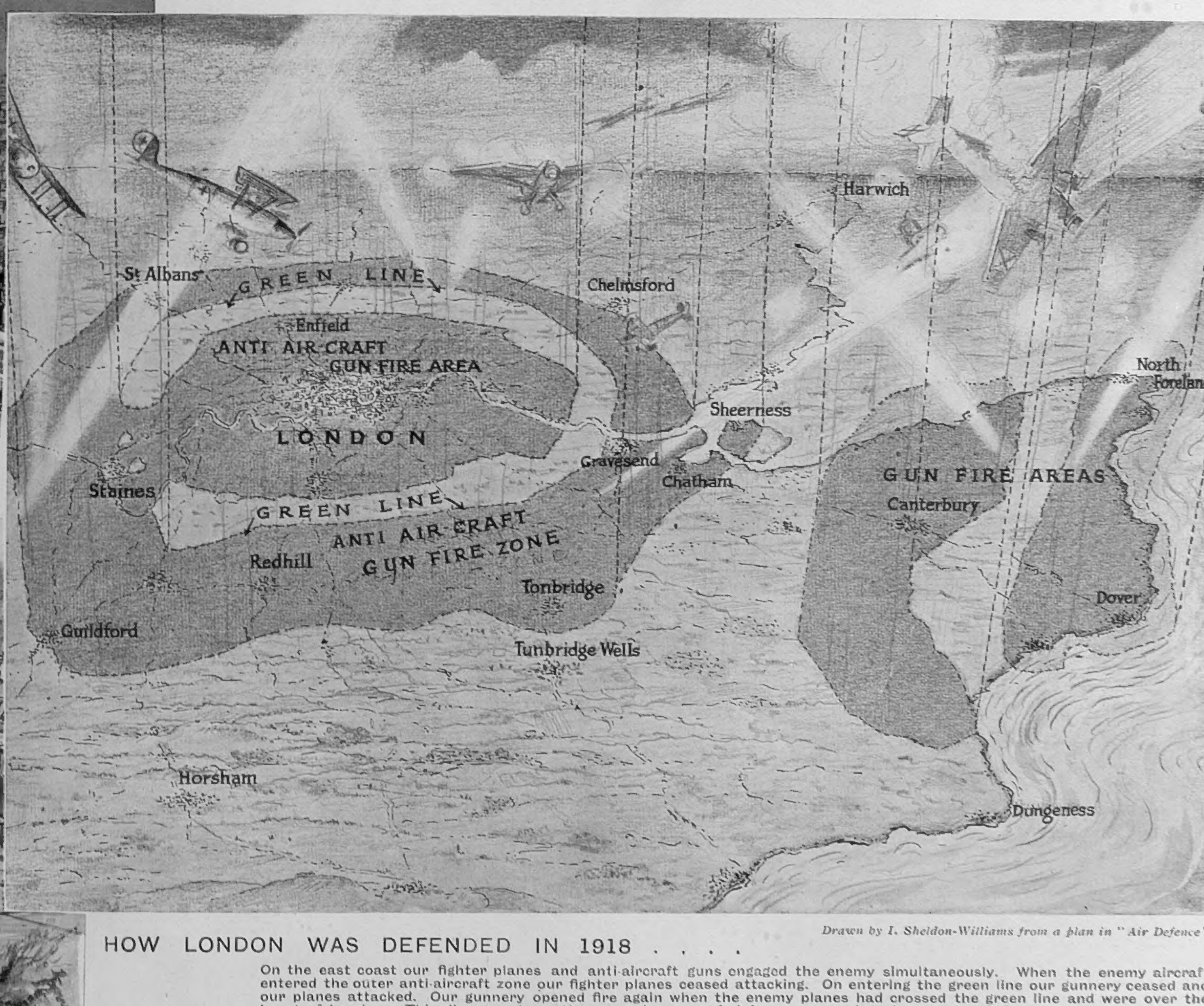
We note here an important point easily overlooked by the average layman. It is far easier to spot approaching planes from the ground than to do so from a machine in the air. Hence the very great importance, underlined by Major-General Ashmore, of adequate strength of trained direction and control from the ground under a centralised command. To give effect, *within a few seconds*, to that control will be the heavy responsibility of the *civilian* at his lonely listening-post.

One of the first steps in 1918 was to remove all guns within the green line zone and to replace them by searchlights to point the pilot to his target on entering his field of action even if they failed to illuminate it as was often the case. By this time the value of the fighter plane in defence had become apparent. In France the reliance placed on the anti-aircraft gun in the earlier stages of the war had been chiefly due to insufficiency of fighting machines of the right type.

Ca ger and D. Macpherson

The green line order, then, for combined gunfire and night-fighter plane attack seems to have worked out something as follows:

In our outer defensive zones, scouts and fighters manœuvred to a considerable extent on their own initiative in a night raid, with guns having priority of action. When the raiders entered the green line zone round the heart of London, our anti-aircraft guns ceased fire. The searchlights in the zone, guided by sound locators, picked up the raiders, or, without necessarily illuminating them, pointed in their direction for the guidance of our night-fighter pilots equipped with wireless receiving sets. The battle between rival planes was then fought across the green zone at racing speed. When the zone was crossed our fighters desisted, and our anti-aircraft gunnery opened on the enemy which had succeeded in penetrating the London area.



Drawn by I. Sheldon-Williams from a plan in "Air Defence"

HOW LONDON WAS DEFENDED IN 1918 . . . .

On the east coast our fighter planes and anti-aircraft guns engaged the enemy simultaneously. When the enemy aircraft entered the outer anti-aircraft zone our fighter planes ceased attacking. On entering the green line our gunnery ceased and our planes attacked. Our gunnery opened fire again when the enemy planes had crossed the green line and were over the heart of London. This diagram shows the general means of defence as was in existence in 1918 and was being developed to still further efficiency when peace came. The order for the combined action was drafted as follows: "During such time as any hostile formation is approaching London, all guns outside the green line will normally have priority of action; that is to say, while crossing all gun areas, any formation of our machines will fly to a flank to give unrestricted action to anti-aircraft guns. If, however, at any time, while the hostile formation is crossing these gun areas, the patrol-leader considers he has a really favourable opportunity to attack, he will do so, and the anti-aircraft guns will stop firing"

THE KING AND QUEEN DRIVE IN STATE TO PARLIAMENT

THE KING AND QUEEN ARRIVE: The Royal coach, drawn by eight of the famous Windsor greys, seen as it was approaching the entrance to the House of Lords before His Majesty opened the new Session of Parliament and delivered his Speech from the Throne

THE DRIVE TO WESTMINSTER: An unusual long-focus, front-view picture of the gold State coach showing the King and Queen seated within as they drove last Tuesday from Buckingham Palace to Westminster, where the King opened the fourth Session of the present Parliament. In the Speech from the Throne His Majesty laid stress on the Government's intention to supplement and accelerate the existing defence measures

On right—

FROM DOWNING STREET: Mrs. Chamberlain outside her official home as she was about to leave for the State opening

CIVILIAN JEWS HELP with PALESTINE'S PACIFICATION

AIDING THE MILITARY: Jewish volunteers lined up at the central police station, Jerusalem, where they were given arms and uniforms after offering to assist with the work of pacification. No more Arabs are being admitted to the Palestine Police Force, as many have shown an inability to remain impartial and, in some cases, have openly helped the rebels

THE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE: Young Jewish colonists being instructed in the use of their rifles which have been given them for the protection of their settlement against Arab attacks. The British administration trusts them to employ their weapons only in cases of unprovoked attack — a trust that has already proved justified

HILLSIDE PARLEY: Brigadier John F. Evetts, who is in charge of mopping-up operations in northern Palestine, talking with a village headman as he tried to persuade him to reveal the hiding place of an Arab band. Note the rifle protruding in the foreground

THE "LAWRENCE OF THE AIR": Colonel Lindbergh, who has made his home on the Breton island of Iliec, which adjoins St. Gildas where his partner, Dr. Carrel, has set up a laboratory

LINDBERGH ISLAND

A Remote and Mysterious Spot off the Rugged Breton Coast where the "Lawrence of the Air" and his Doctor Partner are Engaged in Momentous Experiments Touching upon the Maintenance of Life

By FERDINAND TUOHY

COLONEL CHARLES AUGUSTUS LINDBERGH is a much-discussed person these days. "The Lawrence of the Air," so-called, at least resembles the immortal other Shaw in one respect: in his genius for gaining publicity while seemingly doing every blessed thing to avoid it.

Has the post-war era's prime hero blotted his copybook in the eyes of his folks at home by accepting the highest (foreign) Nazi distinction? Did he report adversely on the Russian Air Force, and, if so, to what state or states? And who may have sent the colonel off on that mission or did he fly off on his own? Should he conduct himself more as a neutral while enjoying the protracted, indefinite hospitality of Britain, including special facilities?

I know as much about the correct answers to the above questions (save possibly the first) as the next person. For aught I know, the flying fool of May 20, 1927, the idol of two hemispheres of that memorable day, may have three sides to him in 1938: the great private airman, the honoured, expert observer of, and reporter on, other nations' aviation, and the man of science. It is of number three that I wish to write, while at the same time prefacing matters by recalling to Lindbergh's current critics that two years ago he went on record in Berlin, in a moving and rare speech, as a profound aspirant after peace in the sky, hoping to see the time when his flying brethren of all nations would use the aeroplane only for progress and the good and enjoyment of humanity.

Not long ago I was staying in Brittany, hard by the island that Lindbergh has taken, with Dr. Alexis Carrel, in order that the pair may henceforward isolatedly pursue experiments into such matters as keeping hearts, lungs, kidneys functioning by artificial means; and of this business one can at least write with less of a mystery note than were one presuming to deal with the colonel's activity in other directions. As a fact, I was back in a bygone ambience, having had a cottage on the neighbouring island of Bréhat just fourteen years before the Lindbergh-Carrel ménages took over St. Gildas and Iliec. The two last form part of an exposed and rocky group rising just off the rock-reefed coast, and roughly facing Plymouth.

Even in summer the isles can be tempestuously cut off for days at a time. In winter they are mostly unapproachable in the howling wind and dashing seas of this notoriously inhospitable coast. On Bréhat, most of the year round, the women wear vast, enclosing bonnets, second only to the Maltese variety, but as protection against constant storm, not, as Malta lore insists on having it, as a relic of female protection against soldiers.

In my day (which sounds archaic, none the less fourteen years ago *is* a long time, the way you and I and everything have been moving), in my day almost the only resident on the isles was a Russian countess whom the highly suspicious Celtic natives looked upon as a godless Bolshevik witch, whereas the poor woman was only a White Russian "intellectual" with one of the first advanced escape complexes. This wild strip of coast has long attracted the artistically inclined or suffering, on account of its primitive inhabitants and landscape—although both are now fast vanishing. On pine-sheltered Iliec, Lindbergh's domestic retreat, in its only house, Ambrose Thomas lived and died. At Port Blanc lived Brittany's two leading latter-day men of letters, Le Braz and Botrel. At the chateau of Costares, close by, Sienkiewicz wrote most of *Quo Vadis*.

It is little wonder that Lindbergh is hyper-sensitive and isolation-craving after what he experienced under the hideous *trommelfeuer* that surrounded the century's perhaps most resounding crime, but it is not all Innisfree at St. Gildas as for quite two months in summer, when he likes best to be there, the Breton shore is packed with holidaymakers. Last August, about the time the colonel hopped off for Russia, the curious were circling his isle in anything from canoes and launches to aquaplanes, with clear intent to land and hero-worship.

St. Gildas, where Dr. Carrel lives, is the scientist's headquarters because its sturdy farmhouse and outbuildings offered the only accommodation in sight for even modified research work. Iliec lies just behind, and a launch takes the colonel across to the Carrel laboratory in no time. St. Gildas also boasts a sandy beach in a tree-protected little bay, though whether the Lindbergh children have benefited from this, or have been in the neighbourhood at all, does not arise. All one can testify to is that a special brand of cream bun has been named after them in a *patisserie* of the market town of Tréguier.

From Tréguier, renowned as Renan's birthplace, have come the stores and supplies for the distinguished islanders, via Port Blanc. A car for excursioning would be hired there, too, though I believe Lindbergh has to keep his special Miles Hawk right round at Dinan aerodrome.

Through Tréguier also travels the bulky daily mail concerning which Madame Carrel relates: "We have a big cupboard filled with thousands of letters, duly classified. Some of them ought to be framed. Recently we had one from an Austrian woman who said her husband had been dead six months, that she was preserving his body in a cold room, and would the doctor and the colonel come and bring him back to life!"

One heard this, and much else, in the *débit* (pub) by the landing stage at Port Blanc. "It is harder to get on to St. Gildas than to get through the Maginot Line." "They will fire on you." "Dogs will attack you." "They have electrified cables." "They have bruisers who will send you packing." All of which is much exaggerated. The truth being that barbed wire has been put up at certain points, chiefly to prevent island-crashing by people with faked letters of introduction, and that a small company of Breton fishermen are co-operating with a personal bodyguard of the hefty variety to keep the two islands inviolate.

Nevertheless, Brittany remains Brittany, credulous land of dark legend still, and "Lindbergh Island" has not failed to join that legend, old women even going the length of holding forth about *korrigans* (evil spirits) on St. Gildas, where men are carving up human bodies and defying the immutable laws.

When you come to think of it, there is just a little of the Frankensteinian in what is going on, yet how very little! Nothing, for example, like the scene in America when Dr. Carrel is in action there:—

Amid eighteen Lindbergh perfusion pumps, each enclosing a vital organ or piece of tissue, officiates the high priest of biology. White-clad women enter, glance at a pump, cast a practised eye on a living morsel. They look and act like nurses, and, in fact, this chamber is a new type of hospital whose patients are livers, spleens, kidneys, and ovaries.

HIGH PRIEST OF BIOLOGY: Dr. Alexis Carrel, experimental surgeon of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, New York, whose "medical engineering," in collaboration with Lindbergh, may one day bring vast benefit to the whole human race

When the high priest is dissecting:—

He robes himself and his assistants in black to avoid reflections. Even the hoods that cover heads are black, revealing only the eyes. The room is windowless. No shadows are cast by the lights overhead. Tables are draped in black cloths. Furniture is black.

Supposing our old Breton women erred into that on St. Gildas! But there's no fear of this happening; everything is unspectacular, by comparison, on this side of the ocean, even if, in the words of Dr. Carrel, he and Lindbergh came to St. Gildas "to continue experiments aimed at reproducing the functions of the human heart with ordinary mechanism. It is not a machine to replace the heart, but the apparatus can play the part of the heart and lungs, as it can protect these organs from bacteria and infection. Yet it may be twenty-five years before our invention can be applied."

In the partnership Lindbergh is the mechanical genius and Carrel the repository of unique knowledge of the human body. There is rather an uncanny link between the murdered Lindbergh child and his father's present efforts to preserve life in human organs, in that it was the anæsthetist of Mrs. Lindbergh at the unhappy infant's birth who first brought the colonel to Rockefeller Institute where he fell under the spell of Carrel and his work.

Lindbergh saw primitive "perfusion pumps" in operation, splashing blood over organs, and learnt how difficult it was to keep out bacteria. "Lindbergh," says Carrel, "is extremely interested in science. He is clever and tenacious and has the merit of always seeking the simplest and most practical solutions." Lindbergh set about perfecting that pump.

Just what is it and what does it serve? Here we need to state Carrel's pathway to his hoped-for goal.

As a young doctor in Lyons forty years ago Carrel decided to follow in the footsteps of the great Claude Bernard and to study life as life and infer

(*Continued on page 278*)

IN A FORBIDDING SETTING: The manor house on the island of Iliec, where Colonel Lindbergh has made his home. The place once belonged to Ambrose Thomas, the celebrated composer

FORBIDDEN TERRAIN: Looking out from the coast of Brittany to the islands where Colonel Lindbergh and Dr. Alexis Carrel pursue their experiments. Intruders are sternly kept at bay

BEHIND THE LINES IN REBEL-HELD SPAIN

A BIG DAY IN LOGRONO: General Millan Astray and the Archbishop of Logrono in conversation together during the recent gathering in this town of Old Castile, where General Franco presented medals to large numbers of his officers and men who had rendered distinguished service of late months on the neighbouring Aragon front. Logrono lies on the upper reaches of the Ebro—the river which gives its name to the fiercest and quite the most long drawn out battle of the present civil war

GENERAL FRANCO AT LOGRONO: The insurgent leader decorating a soldier for conspicuous valour during his recent visit to this town on the upper Ebro

On left—

DONA CARMEN FRANCO AT OVIEDO: The insurgent leader's wife applauding from the grand-stand during the celebrations held to mark the second anniversary of this city's capture from the Government. In the early stages of the present war and during the "left" wing rising of some years ago, Oviedo suffered tremendous damage, many of its old buildings being wrecked

COLONISING EN MASSE: Twenty thousand Italian Peasants Sail For Libya

GOOD-BYE TO NAPLES, HOME, AND BEAUTY: *Left*—Marshal Balbo chatting with two youngsters on board one of the fifteen ships which sailed last week from Italy to Libya with 20,000 peasant folk who are to colonise the country, many of them taking over farms which have been prepared for them by the Blackshirt pioneers. *Right*—Some of the colonists giving a farewell salute as they left port. In the Gulf of Gaeta the convoy was reviewed by the Duce who steamed by in the cruiser *Trieste*

A.R.P. AT HOME AND ABROAD: What Britain, Sweden, and Hungary are Doing in Matters of Passive Defence

FINISHING THE JOB: Men engaged in levelling off the ground preparatory to re-turfing after completing the bomb-proof shelters outside the Imperial War Museum, Southwark. The trenches which were begun during the crisis are now being completed throughout the country, and under the Government's new A.R.P. plans, which were made known last week, more trenches are to be dug in every town and city so that all members of the population will be protected. The trenches will have concrete walls and timber roofs and will thus be of a permanent character. It was noted during the crisis that the trench-building work in some parts of London was done rather crudely

HOME DEFENCE RECRUITING: To draw attention to the need for personnel for the balloon barrage scheme, this stand has been erected in a prominent position at Waterloo Station. Men between the ages of twenty-five and fifty are required for this very important service

A FIRE-FIGHTING SQUAD, equipped with gas masks, drawing a tender across the courtyard in front of the Royal Palace, Budapest, during an air raid precautions test

AN UNEXPECTED ASPECT OF A.R.P.: The Swedish "Red Cross" and the Swedish "Civil Air Guard" have started a campaign to lessen the danger of fire in Stockholm garrets in the event of war and, in consequence, a large amount of lumber has been cleared out and taken to an outlying district where, as depicted here, it is being burnt

Britain is to go full speed ahead with A.R.P. There was no doubt about that during last week's big debate in the Commons when Sir Samuel Hoare, the Home Secretary, announced, in the course of his reply to criticisms, that trenches already dug are to be made permanent, and extended where necessary; that the Government intend to provide blast-proof shelters for all who cannot provide such protection for themselves; and that evacuation plans will be worked out in greater detail. Another speaker was Sir John Anderson, now Lord Privy Seal and Minister for Civilian Defence, who said that after only two days in office he was able to make only what he described as some preliminary observations on the task which he has undertaken, but the note of resolution in this modest first speech by the new Minister had a reassuring effect on the House

TELLING SWEDEN: In order to acquaint people with the problems of home defence, the Swedish Government has fitted up this train, which is now travelling from town to town with a staff of experts on board. *Left*—An interior view of one of the compartments showing a model anti-aircraft gun used for demonstration purposes. Sweden is taking the question of air raid precautions very seriously

FRANCO'S NORTH SEA RAIDER:

How She Sank the Spanish Government Vessel *Cantabria* off Cromer

DASHING FOR HOME: The Spanish insurgent ship *Nadir* seen in the Channel as she sailed back to Spanish waters after her exploit off the Norfolk coast last week when she sank the 5,649-ton Spanish Government steamer *Cantabria* by shelling her at close range. Most of the *Cantabria's* crew escaped with their lives, the captain and his family being brought ashore by the Cromer lifeboat. "The *Nadir*," writes the naval correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, "is obviously a new acquisition by General Franco, as she bears no resemblance to any known unit of the Spanish Navy. She appears to be a motor-ship, with a gross tonnage of about 2,500 to 3,500 tons. The one big gun visible is mounted on the port side immediately before the bridge structure. Its calibre may be 4 in. or 4·7 in. A similar gun is almost certainly mounted on the starboard side. Forward of the funnel are machine-guns. There are strong indications that the rest of the armament is camouflaged"

THE CROMER LIFEBOAT EFFECTS A DRAMATIC RESCUE: *Above*—Captain Manuel Arguelles, skipper of the Spanish Government steamer *Cantabria*, which was sent to the bottom of the North Sea by General Franco's raider, *Nadir*, seen with his wife and their two children, Gona and Ramon, and the steward, after they had been brought to safety by the lifeboat which is shown (*right*) following its return to Cromer. In describing what happened Captain Arguelles said in an interview: "The *Nadir* flew no flag until she was almost up to us. Then the Franco flag was run up from her mainmast and she opened fire. The *Nadir* was only 50 yards or so from us and we were doomed. Some of my crew escaped in open boats. Then, when we were ready to drown and the ship was near foundering, the Cromer lifeboat approached"

THE ILL-FATED "CANTABRIA": This picture of the Spanish Government vessel, which was sunk by the *Nadir*, was taken in August of last year when she ran aground on the French coast when carrying a party of refugees from Santander

RESCUERS AND RESCUED: Coxswain Bloggs (left), of the Cromer lifeboat, pictured with Captain Arguelles (right), the master of the sunken *Cantabria*, Senora Arguelles, and the two Arguelles children, Gona and Ramon, after they had come ashore at Cromer

A FORCE IN THE MAKING: A British officer engaged in instructing Egyptian officers. Since the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty came into being in 1936 the Egyptian army has become a separate entity, but British help is being employed in building it up into a vital force, and during the present year our military mission there has done much valuable work. Conditions of service have been vastly improved with a view to obtaining recruits of a high standard of intelligence

DEFENCE OF THE SUEZ ZONE: British troops seen during exercises in the Egyptian desert. Under the terms of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty, which ended our official occupation, we still maintain a force in the country for the defence of the canal

EGYPT IN THE

A Former Governor of Sinai Gives a Picture of Contemporary Life in this Land Now Settling Down to Nationhood

Egypt, which achieved full nationhood under the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1936, is at the moment a country of momentous change and development. To understand all that is going on there is not easy for the layman, and it is partly for this reason that Desert and Delta, *a new book by Major C. S. Jarvis, a former Governor of Sinai, is much to be welcomed. In this volume he gives a most lucid and readable picture of Egypt since the war. We learn what the Wafd stands for and how it is led; and how the politics-by-riot of callow students may have potent effect. Major Jarvis tells us his experiences of the High Commissioners—dynamic Lloyd, mild Loraine, and genial Lampson—and he pays a tribute to young King Farouk, of whose abilities he has the highest regard. It is a magnificently told story and, over and above all, gives us a picture of Egypt that helps us to place contemporary affairs there in much truer perspective. The book, from which the following are brief extracts, is published by John Murray at 10s. 6d.*

MAJOR JARVIS begins by telling us a story of Lord Lloyd. During his term of office, he says, the High Commissioner visited Sinai several times and those who imagine that he was unpopular with the Egyptians owing to his very strong policy should have seen the welcome he obtained from the local people. At El Arish, waiting on the platform to greet us, were all the Egyptian Army officers of the station. Among them was one who had been with Lord Lloyd during Lawrence's Hedjaz campaign. He was a very good fellow, but of recent years had rather lost his enthusiasm for the British and was definitely turning Nationalist and hostile. He had said to his brother officers, as I knew, for one hears most things in the desert: "He will have forgotten me. He is a great man now and will not want to know a small one like me."

When Lord Lloyd stepped out of his coach and I started to introduce the officers in order of their rank, he suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, you need not introduce me to my old friend—*Mahommed Effendi*. We served together in the Hedjaz. Do you remember that camel ride we made from Akaba when my saddlebags were burnt?"

A few days later I heard this officer holding forth in the local club.

"You all saw it—every one of you. He, the High Commissioner of England, with all the worries of Egypt on his back, remembered me after thirteen years, who was but a *mulazim* (lieutenant) at the time. I ask you, would any of our great ones have done the same? Give me the English officer—he does not forget his old friends." And after this Lord Lloyd's war-time comrade persisted in driving about the country with a Union Jack on his car. This is an honour reserved for the High Commissioner only, but we said nothing about it.

Sir Percy Loraine, who followed Lord Lloyd (as High Commissioner), had a very much more peaceful and less eventful time in Egypt than either of his predecessors; but this was due entirely to the fact that the Egyptians were far too busy fighting among themselves to find time to annoy and attack Great Britain. It was shortly after he took office that the Wafd were returned to power for the second time, and after an abortive attempt at signing a treaty with Great Britain, proceeded to pick a quarrel with King Fuad which led them into the wilderness for five years. All Sir Percy Loraine had to do after this was to keep the ring for the combatants and occasionally warn them; and he did this from outside the ropes and at no time scrambled inside to break clinches.

Both Lord Allenby and Lord Lloyd had had to deal with a series of the most difficult situations when the Egyptian government took action that was definitely aimed at weakening our position in the country, and they were forced constantly to deliver strong notes and ultimatums to counter these machinations. Sir Percy had nothing of this description to deal with, for Sidky's government was definitely pro-British, and desired above all things the continuance of the occupation for the time being. I imagine Sir Percy was asked occasionally as to the possibility of bringing off a treaty, but with a virtual dictatorship in the country that represented at the best not more than 10 per cent. of the electorate it was obviously a waste of time. If Sidky had obtained the most favourable terms imaginable for his country, the Wafd on their return to office would have repudiated his treaty, as a gesture of personal spite.

Sir Miles Lampson (now British Ambassador in Egypt) arrived in the spring of 1934 with a record for smoothing out difficulties and achieving treaties in China. He is very large

KEY POSITIONS: General Sir Edmund Ironside (left), until recently the Commander in Chief of British troops in the Middle East, and Lieut.-General Sir Robert Gordon-Finlayson, General Officer commanding the British troops in Egypt, in conversation with an officer at Cairo aerodrome. Sir Edmund is now at Gibraltar

On right—

WATCHING THE EGYPTIAN FORCES ON MANŒUVRES: An interesting group showing (left to right) Islam Pasha, Chief of Military Aviation in Egypt; Colonel W. R. Shillstone, British Artillery Instructor to the Egyptian Army; Major-General J. H. Marshall-Cornwall, Chief of the British Military Mission to the Egyptian Army; Shukri Pasha, Commander of the Egyptian Army; and Zidi Bey, Commander of the Artillery. The British Military Mission has been doing wonderful work in creating the new army. It consists of over twenty-five members, each versed in a particular branch of military work

THROES OF CHANGE

and very imposing with a markedly genial manner. He was known among the Egyptians as S'Miles, which was a very suitable pseudonym. English names usually present considerable difficulties when used by those who speak Arabic, as the Arabic tongue resents two consonants adjoining without a vowel between, and such letters as "P" or "V" do not exist. Maxwell was therefore christened as Makaswilly, and Sir Percy Loraine as S'Bercy. Lord Lloyd constituted a difficulty as he arrived in the country as Sir George Lloyd, and the ordinary people very naturally thought he must be the Lloyd George who had negotiated the Peace Treaty, and he was known at first as *S'Joge Loid Joge* and later as *Lode Loid*.

Sir Miles held the view, and a very sound one, that it was impossible for a High Commissioner to deal with Egyptian affairs and negotiate a treaty unless he knew the country thoroughly. He spent the first year of his term of office seeing everything, from the whole of the Sinai Province to the western limits of the Libyan Desert, together with the four big oases, and then did an exhaustive tour of the Sudan. He was definitely air minded and travelled as far as possible by aeroplane—a proceeding that was not at all popular with his then private secretary, who loathed the air and always suffered from sickness.

In another part of his book Major Jarvis makes the significant reference to the student fraternity which of recent years has been a potent factor in Egyptian politics.

YOUTH IN THE SADDLE: King Farouk, the young monarch upon whom Egypt sets such high hopes now that it has entered upon full nationhood

Having demonstrated in the streets of Cairo and other cities for the benefit of the party that sponsored them, writes Major Jarvis, they (the students) were very loath to return to work when they had achieved the object for which they had gone on strike. They therefore proceeded to down books and rush into the streets whenever they found an examination paper too difficult. In a yelling mob they would invade the offices of Nahas Pasha, demanding instant redress, and the officials were in the invidious and uncomfortable position of having to surrender to the absurd and childish demands of their youthful adherents.

King Farouk, to whom Major Jarvis frequently refers in his book, in dismissing the Wafd from office called attention in no uncertain terms to their maladministration and their inability to accomplish anything. Their programme of work when they took office in 1935 had been a most inspiring and laudable one, but in actual fact they had accomplished nothing in their eighteen months of government beyond committing projects to writing and giving official teaparties and talking. With the Treaty of Alliance with Great Britain and the appointment of a British Mission to advise on military matters, the first thing they should have undertaken was the increase and modernisation of the Egyptian Army, but after eighteen months' office and the most wonderful intentions nothing whatsoever had been accomplished beyond putting schemes on paper and filling posts with Wafdist adherents.

The new Prime Minister, Muhammad Mahmoud Pasha, is a most talented and capable statesman and he has in his Cabinet all the ablest men in Egypt. King Farouk is still in his teens, but he has given early signs of possessing all the qualities of his distinguished family—a brilliant intelligence, breadth of vision and genuine love of his country. With the added advantage of his personal charm and attractive appearance, the barometer for the moment appears to be "set fair" in Egypt, and after nineteen years of political strife and disaffection it is to be hoped that nothing will occur to retard or destroy the progress that should follow this combination of a clever and popular Sovereign backed by a most capable and efficient ministry.

GUIDING THE COURSE OF ANGLO-EGYPTIAN RELATIONS: Sir Miles Lampson (centre), the British Ambassador in Egypt, and his wife seen on arrival at Alexandria following a holiday. Sir Miles was formerly High Commissioner in Egypt and he, more than anyone else, was responsible for the negotiations leading up to the independence Treaty of 1936

LADY SYMES, wife of Sir Stewart Symes, the Governor-General of the Sudan, being greeted by the Director of the Royal Agricultural Society of Egypt on arrival at Cairo railway station after a recent holiday in England. Sir Stewart is standing on the right

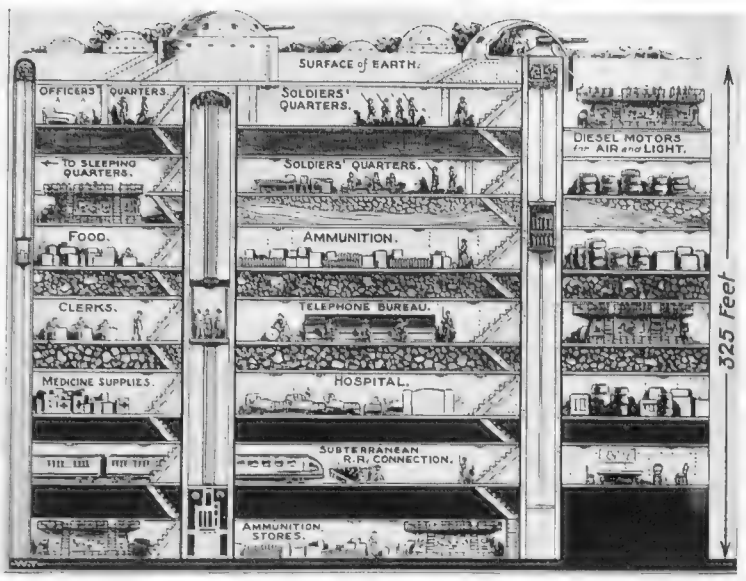
PRINCE ABBAS HALIM, of the Royal House of Egypt, being welcomed on arrival in Cairo from Europe. He is a big labour organiser. *On left*—NAHAS PASHA AGAIN IN THE NEWS: The Wafd leader having his wounds dressed following a recent riot in Cairo

The political history of Egypt during the last nineteen years has been very regrettable. One feels that under a settled government something of the old Egyptian magnificence, which once dominated the known world, might be brought to life again. As for the *fellaheen*, or cultivators, they are naturally the most delightful and charming people with whom one can come in contact, and as a hard-working and decent-living peasantry they have no equal in the world. The official and educated classes are well above the standard of those that hold office in eastern Europe and there is no lack of brilliance and devotion to duty, but the general advance of the country has been held up again and again by the malign influence of the erstwhile popular political party, the Wafd.

REPRESENTATIVE OF HIGH FINANCE: Baron Maurice de Rothschild pictured while speaking from his car to the electors of Gap, Hautes-Alpes, during the recent French Senatorial elections at which he was returned by a large majority. The elections, which affected one third of the Upper Chamber, revealed a very decided swing away from the Popular Front towards the groups of the Centre

A HEAVY DEFEAT: M. Provansal, a Republican-Socialist lawyer of Gap, Hautes-Alpes, whom Baron Maurice de Rothschild beat by a wide margin in the recent Senatorial elections

A FRANCO-AMERICAN WEDDING: Miss Gladys Snowhill and M. Ponchel, manager of a Paris factory, pictured during their wedding at Clamart Church. The bride is the daughter of the Commander of the American Legion in Paris



THE MAGINOT LINE: A diagrammatic drawing showing a section of the famous French fortifications which consist of a series of galleries going a distance of 325 ft. below ground, the galleries including soldiers' quarters, ammunition stores, a hospital, and a light railway. The exact details of the line are, of course, being kept a closely-guarded secret

THE MAN BEHIND THE MAGINOT LINE

General Gamelin, a Leader Who Has the Confidence of the French People

By HARRY J. GREENWALL

IN Germany they used to tell me that it was really the late General Hoffmann, who was Chief of Staff of Hindenburg, who was the real victor at the Battle of Tannenberg.

In the cafés near the War Office in Paris where old men with white hair cut *en brosse* sit and talk and dream and fight their battles over again, they tell me that it was not Maréchal Joffre who won the Battle of the Marne, but his Chief of Staff, General Gamelin, the man who is to-day the man behind the Maginot Line.

A few years ago, when Paris was somewhat gayer than it is now, Maxim's, in the Rue Royale, was pretty crowded in the evening apéritif hour. Very often one could see at the corner of the bar a very tall, quite good-looking man, who stood there propped up on crutches. He seemed to know everybody, and had a laugh and a jest for his friends. This man was André Maginot, sometime Minister of War, and the man who gave his name to the famous line which to-day is known in every part of the world.

Curiously enough, the man who really created the idea which is behind the Maginot Line had a name which was very near to that of the man whose name has been given to it. It was General Mangin who really created the idea of the Maginot Line. General Mangin, who died in very mysterious circumstances, commanded what was known as the "Iron Division" during the world war. This fighting division was composed of French and Colonial troops; it was a thrusting arm and it changed the fortunes of war for the French.

General Mangin conceived the idea of creating a vast army in North Africa, an army that would fill the gaps in the dwindling population of France. It was his idea that if and when France fought Germany again—and who else should France fight?—France would have the advantage of a tremendous overwhelming man power, a man power that was to be almost all black, and those who were not coal black were to be *café au lait*; they were to be French subjects of the French Empire in North Africa, but General Mangin meant to go still farther, even as far as the Congo, for his man power. That was the dream of General Mangin when he died.

Yet, he had still one other idea: he wanted something, some sort of screen behind which this black army of France could be mobilised in safety, and trained and got ready for the final and decisive battle of the next war. With some French experts, the idea was drafted out of a line which would run from the Channel right across to the Swiss frontier, and behind this line of steel and concrete France would be able to mobilise her new army.

General Mangin and André Maginot between them founded the Maginot Line. Now they are both dead, and the Maginot Line is created, but behind this extraordinarily long, winding lane of steel there is a brain of steel, and that brain is that of General Gamelin.

If at any time, because of national security for France, it becomes necessary to delegate power to one man, that man would most assuredly be General Marie Gustave Gamelin. To-day he is Chief of the French General Staff of National Defence. He is without doubt the most important man in France, because Prime Ministers come and go, but General Gamelin remains. He has everything but political power, and that could pass to him without any difficulty whatsoever.

General Gamelin's responsibilities have increased since the Maginot Line plan was first drafted. At the time of its conception, Italy was not considered as a potential enemy of France. To-day she is. To-day, in the words of Herr Hitler, Benito Mussolini stands behind Germany; because of this the French Government extended the Maginot Line. Now and again there are people foolish enough to assert that they have visited the Maginot Line. That is not true. I am able to affirm that there is not even one foreign military attaché who has ever been on a tour of inspection of the Maginot Line. It is one of the closest guarded secrets in the world. Sometimes permission is given to foreign journalists to visit a section, a very small section, of this famous chain of fortresses which covers a total frontier of 500 miles.

There was exhibited in France and England not long ago a French film entitled: *Double Murder in the Maginot Line*. Several parts of the film show what purports to be underground fortresses, but in reality, as may be imagined, these scenes were "shot" in a studio. Those who saw the film can, of course, draw on their imagination. The Maginot Line is a complete secret, not even a foreign spy knows anything whatsoever about it. In the summer of this year there was a scare in the French War Office when there were rumours that some Alsatian workmen who had been employed in the building part of the Line had been seen to cross over the Kehl Bridge across the Rhine. It was suspected that they were in touch with German agents. Some of the men were detained, but it became known subsequently that no secrets of any kind had passed over into Germany.

In France there is a sharp cleavage of opinion concerning the Maginot Line; there are plenty of people who believe that this line is absolutely impregnable and can never be broken by either German or Italian troops. There are others who shrug their shoulders and say, "What is the use of underground fortresses when the enemy has thousands and thousands of aeroplanes which would cross the line in a few seconds?"

Although opinions may be divided concerning the potentialities of the Maginot Line, there is absolutely no argument about the value of the man who stands behind it, General Gamelin. General Gamelin has been supreme commander of the land, sea and air forces of France since January, 1938. For more than forty years he has been a soldier. He was born in Paris. Like all French officers of great value, with one prominent exception, General Weygand, General Gamelin was a cadet in the military academy of St. Cyr. When he was at the Ecole de Guerre he was under the instruction of the late Marshal Foch.

When the world war started, General Gamelin was an adjutant and was on the staff of Marshal Joffre. The story is told in War Office circles in Paris that whereas most of Joffre's staff in September, 1914, were of the opinion that Joffre's army should continue to retreat to the Seine, Adjutant Gamelin opposed the plan for a retreat and suggested that instead the French army should counter-attack. He focused Joffre's attention on the fact that the German right flank, General von Kluck's army, could be turned. General Gamelin's plans prevailed. Joffre did attack, and the Battle of the Marne was a great French victory, which not only saved Paris, but gave British troops breathing time after the retreat from Mons.

During the crisis at the end of September, when General Gamelin was called to London and, in the presence of the British and French Prime Ministers, outlined plans of attack and counter-attack during the war which was expected to occur at any moment, General Gamelin, so I am told on excellent authority, made a most profound impression. The British Government had received certain information concerning the conditions of the French army. General Gamelin made no attempt to deny the fact that certain matters were not all that he could wish, but he gave such a clear and concise *exposé* of what he intended to do that he gave everyone around him a feeling of confidence.

General Gamelin returned to Paris as soon as he could be released from London. He stayed in Paris day and night until the crisis was over. Those around him suggested that he might take a few days' holiday to relax from the strain. General Gamelin shook his head. He set off for Strasburg to make a minute inspection of the line behind which he is the man.

THE REDEMPTION OF MAN: This magnificent tapestry, so incredibly perfect in its detail, has been placed on exhibition in the Recent Accessions Room at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, following its acquisition from Spain where it had for long been in Burgos Cathedral. The tapestry was woven about the year 1500 and probably belongs to a set which was made in the workshops of Peter van Aelst, a great merchant of Brussels, at the command of the Holy Roman Emperor Maximilian to commemorate the marriage of his son, Philip the Handsome, to Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. The central part of the tapestry shows the famous Trial of Paradise, or the debate of the Virtues over the fate of Man, Mercy and Peace being shown pleading their cause. A tapestry with similar design is in the Great Watching Chamber at Hampton Court. It was purchased by Cardinal Wolsey in 1521 and acquired by Henry VIII after Wolsey's fall

WONDER TAPESTRIES

On Show in New York and in a London Saleroom

THE TRIUMPH OF CHASTITY OVER LOVE is represented in this Gothic tapestry of the early sixteenth century which is to be sold at Christie's on November 17 together with many other valuable possessions from Rufford Abbey, the ancestral home of the Savile family. The principal figure, Chastity, is riding on a triumphal car and holds her jasper column with a banner inscribed "Pudicitia vincit amorem," with a figure of Love bound and blindfolded at her feet. The car is drawn by winged boy trumpeters riding unicorns in a procession with numerous figures holding banners. In the background is a fortified town

On left—
OF THE PRE-GOBELINS ERA: This seventeenth-century tapestry, which is also included in the Rufford Abbey sale, depicts Apollo, in yellow tunic and red cloak, teaching a cupid to shoot with bow and arrow. A second cupid is seated on the plinth of a broken column to the right

THE THREE FATES TRAMPLING THE PROSTRATE FIGURE OF CHASTITY: Another fine piece of Gothic tapestry from Rufford Abbey, many treasures from which are shortly to be sold at auction. Above the three fates are the flying figures of Time and Death

MARLBOROUGH H

A Fine Example of the Art of Inigo Jones, and Its Link with TWO QUEENS

On left—CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA, consort of Charles II, for whose use Marlborough House Chapel (then known as the Queen's Chapel at St. James's) was refitted in the year following her marriage. Catherine, who brought Tangier and Bombay as her dowry, was a devout Roman Catholic and it was partly through her unswerving adhesion to this faith that her position in England became one of such difficulty. As recorded on these pages, the chapel, where she spent so many long hours in prayer, has now been restored to its original Renaissance aspect. Its construction was begun in the year 1623 to the designs of Inigo Jones

On left—THE NEW ALTARPIECE in restored Marlborough House Chapel. The candlesticks and almsdish come from the Chapel Royal, St. James's, while the altar-cloth has been designed by Mr. W. H. Randoll Blacking. In the panelling above has been placed a Baroque picture

ABOVE THE SANCTUARY is this magnificent coffered ceiling which has been gilded in accordance with the original specifications and now presents a most striking appearance. Surmounting the Venetian window—which keeps the building pleasantly light and airy—are the arms of Catherine of Braganza, Charles II's Queen. These have been tricked in colour during the restoration by the Office of Works

USE CHAPEL RESTORED

A MASTERPIECE OF THE ENGLISH RENAISSANCE: A general view of Marlborough House Chapel, which was reopened on Sunday of last week by the Bishop of London following its restoration by His Majesty's Office of Works to almost the appearance it bore in the seventeenth century when it was refitted for the use of the consort of Charles II. The twenty-eight coffers on the ceiling have now been gilded in accordance with the specification in the early building accounts, while the wall panelling, which of recent years has been a drab, undistinguished oak colour, has been stripped and repainted in its original greenish-ivory tones

Of late years Marlborough House Chapel, with its Victorian furnishings and drab colours, has conveyed no suggestion of its pristine beauty of decoration. Now, with infinite skill, it has been restored, and on Sunday of last week Queen Mary, who has given much valuable advice during the work, and Princess Helena Victoria attended the special service at which the Bishop of London, who is Dean of the Chapels Royal, dedicated the new decorations and the altarpiece with its magnificent plate.

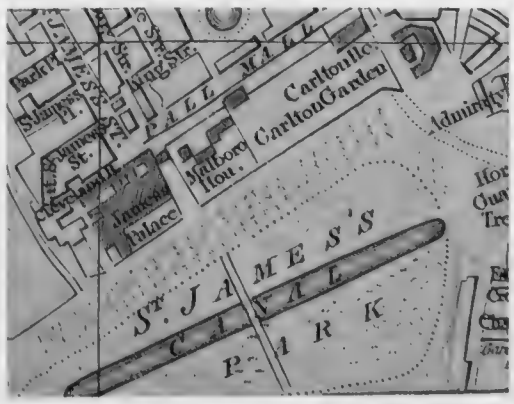
The chapel, which is now so full of light and colour, once again takes its rightful place as a masterpiece of English Renaissance architecture. It was begun in 1623 to the designs of Inigo Jones, being originally intended for the personal use of the Infanta Maria of Spain whom it was thought would become the consort of Charles I. Charles, however, married Henrietta Maria of France, and it was she who first worshipped there, the place being called the Queen's Chapel at St. James's. Under the Commonwealth the Chapel was stripped of all its furnishings, and in 1650 the Council of State directed that it should be fitted up as a library and that all books and medals should be removed thither. Whether this direction was carried out or not is uncertain, but it is known that in 1661, after the Restoration and Charles II's marriage to Catherine of Braganza, the place was refitted for the Queen's use.

After 1700 Protestant services took place there and in the years that followed the place came in turn to be called the Friary Chapel, the French Chapel, the Dutch Chapel, the Lutheran Chapel, and the German Chapel. In 1901 it was given its present name—the Marlborough House Chapel.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA, consort of Charles I, for whom Marlborough House Chapel was completed in accordance with the designs of the great Inigo Jones. The restoration of the place by the Office of Works has been done with the utmost care, and Queen Mary has personally advised on many questions during the work

On right—

THE WEST FRONT of the chapel bears almost the same aspect now as when it was designed by Inigo Jones. The immense casement windows are a notable feature



THE CHAPEL IS NOW AN ISOLATED BUILDING, but this map, dating from the early part of the last century, shows how Marlborough House and St. James's Palace were once rather more closely linked. A disastrous fire occurred there in 1809

A GENTLEMAN OF FASHION and (*below*) a lady of fashion in the early 18th century as sketched by Carlevariis and later incorporated in his great canvases. Fifty-three of these studies have been acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum

The Victoria and Albert Museum Acquires

THE FASCINATING FASHION RECORDS OF CARLEVARIIS

ALTHOUGH the majority of us are quite familiar with Canaletto's lovely, brilliant groups of figures arranged against an architectural background, it is not widely known that these charming paintings were inspired by the works of the master of Canaletto—Luca Carlevariis.

Beautiful as Canaletto's groups and paintings are, the figures that appear in his pictures were not often his own work, but painted in by Tiepolo—master in the art of figure drawing.

Carlevariis, also a Venetian, was born in 1665, and painted quite a number of this style of picture. Unlike his pupil, the master painted his own figures, picking his models from the many coloured chatting groups to be found in the Venetian Piazzos.

A very comprehensive collection of fifty-three of his original studies in oils, painted with a brilliant and life-like touch, has recently come into the possession of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

The value of these sketches is enhanced by the almost photographic record that they give of Venetian modes between 1700 and 1710. The collection for the most part consists of figures, there are a few sketches of gondolas, and one fragmentary architectural design—and the majority of these can be traced to their eventual insertion in some existing picture.

Of the four reproduced on this page two are to be found in a picture of the Doges' Palace, Venice.

The seated man, with his full-skirted coat, bag-wig and tricorn hat, is a life-like impression of the well-dressed gentleman to be found in almost any corner of Europe at this particular date.

The capped and cloaked figure might be a shopkeeper or merchant who pays little heed to his dress, with his ill-fitting breeches and lack of coat, camouflaged by the Venetian cloak.

Another study shows a lady of refinement and fashion, with laced sleeves, mittens and fan, her head suitably covered in a black shawl tying at the back.

The last figure, in a dark suit and hose, with his tricorn hat tucked under his arm, his curled wig and serious expression, was probably a lawyer, and can be found among the crowded groups in The Reception of Graf Colloredo, Venice. This picture is now in the Dresden Gallery.

I. B.

CONTRASTING TYPES: These two studies, which are included among the fifty-three sketches by Luca Carlevariis lately acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum, show (*left*) a man of the merchant or shopkeeping class—obviously a person paying little heed to dress—and (*right*) a well-groomed figure, whose severity of appearance might suggest that he was a member of the legal profession. Carlevariis, who is sometimes known as Casanabrio, was one of the most painstakingly accurate artists of his day, and the countless studies he made of his fellow Venetians during spare moments he later incorporated in his large canvases. The sketches give an almost complete picture of Venetian modes in the first decade of the eighteenth century

THE VIA DI RIPETTA, ROME: This painting by Canaletto is to be auctioned next week at Christie's together with numerous other works brought from Rufford Abbey, Nottinghamshire. The picture has a special interest in connection with the sketches on this page, as Canaletto was a pupil of Carlevariis, acquiring from him the habit of incorporating small but detailed figures in his vast canvases. While Carlevariis painted in his own figures, however, it is known that Canaletto often left this work to someone else

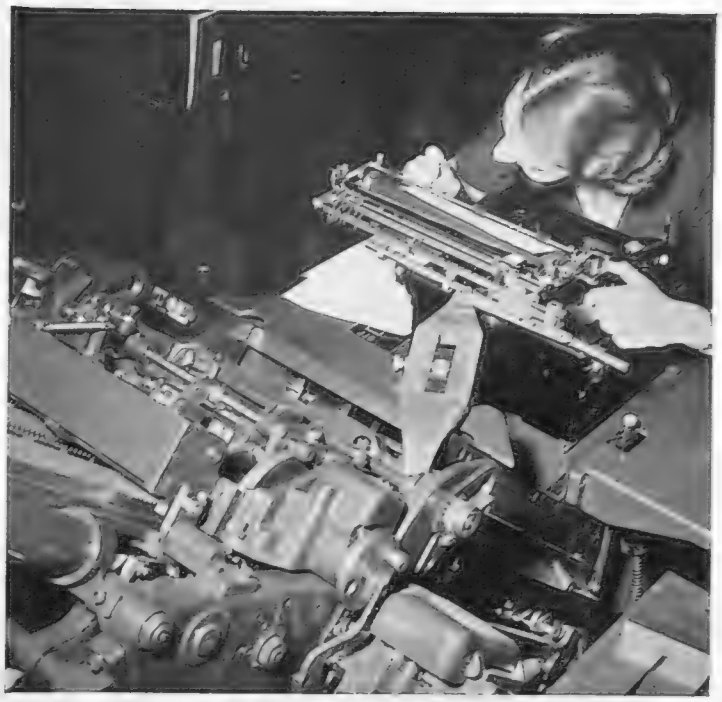
FIGHTING FOR SAFETY IN THE AIR

Some New and Vital Developments in the Realm of Aeronautical Research

AN AID TO AERONAUTICAL STUDY: This new wind tunnel, in which model planes will be placed in order to test stresses and strains under gale conditions, is being erected at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and is dedicated to the Wright brothers. Within the tunnel it will be possible to simulate flying conditions from sea level to the sub-stratosphere

STRATOSPHERE WEAR: The French parachutist Denois is experimenting with this new rubber tissue suit which has been made in accordance with the designs of Dr. Garsaux, chief of the French Civil Aviation Medical Service. The suit is said to give the flyer at high altitudes a greater protection from asphyxiation than has previously been possible of attainment

On left—
BLIND FLYING MADE EASIER: Members of the United States Air Safety Board inspecting at Washington Airport the new altimeter gadget which, by means of a stream of radio signals, records the exact height of an aeroplane above the ground (not necessarily sea-level), thus warning the pilot when he must climb in order to avoid mountain-tops. It is believed that it will be instrumental in making a big cut in accident figures



AN INNOVATION IN PRINTING PRACTICE: This machine, on view at New York's Annual Business Show, is known as a castype and can be attached to any office typewriter, thus enabling a typist to set lead type for letterpress printing. The idea is certainly highly ingenious, but as a practical proposition it might encounter difficulties in several directions

SUBSTITUTE FOR A RAILROAD: An electric vulcaniser joining the two ends of a two-mile-long rubber and cotton endless belt which has been installed on the site of the Grand Coulee Dam, Washington State, for the purpose of conveying sand and gravel from the washing and screening plant to the concrete mixing machines. The belt, which weighs 80 tons, is seen (*below*) before the join was made. It will convey in the neighbourhood of 30,000 tons of material every day

MECHANICAL NEWS FROM THE UNITED STATES

THE HUNT IS UP: Start of a New Season

EARLY STARTERS: Hounds moving off to draw from Upton House, near Banbury, after the opening meet of the Warwickshire Hunt which was one of the first packs to finish cubbing and start the 1938–39 season. They had several short but excellent runs during the course of the day, each ending in the quarry being marked to ground

UP AND OVER: Taking the water jump during the Pytchley Hunter Trials at Holdenby Mill, near Northampton. *On right*—A fine picture of the field after the opening meet of the Whaddon Chase which began the season in excellent style with an 85-minute hunt that all but made a 5-mile point. The Whaddon's performance was an exception, many of the other packs experiencing rather poor scenting conditions

A COUNTRY OF BROAD ACRES: Miss Lumb, Master of the Rockwood Harriers, riding over a hill when accompanying hounds to a meet. The Rockwood, which is now celebrating its seventieth year of existence, hunts a fine country in the West Riding, consisting of three quarters pasture and a quarter plough with an abundance of stone walls to test the rider

SEEKING PRIZES IN EGYPT: Mrs. Audrey Battine, the well-known racehorse owner, with Armagh, which Marcus Marsh trains for her at Lambourn. Another of Mrs. Battine's horses, Reward, which won recently at Brighton, has been shipped to Egypt, where it will join her stable and race during the winter months. Mrs. Battine is a keen, all-round sportswoman, and will shortly be visiting India, where she hopes to have the opportunity of some big-game shooting

POINTS of INTEREST

In a Winter of Heady Romanticism

Accent on Hips. Lelong's new silhouette, shown in an evening frock of Titian auburn velvet, the panniered draperies looped about the hips and caught at the back and front of the waist with gold ornaments

Edwardian Languor caught in Balenciaga's infinitely appealing dress of printed taffeta, grey and white, threaded and bow trimmed with mauve velvet ribbons

Embroidery on Fur, particularly of flowers in delicate shades, like those shown on Patou's astrakan bolero at the foot of this column, worn with a simple dress

Bandmaster Braid, very dashing and picturesque. Patou uses it in gold on a black dress, and lets violet pompons march across the crown of the black hat

Busbies and Stoles in silky skunk. Heim exploits this fur boldly on a light grey woollen coat, and pays his tribute to pageantry in the high hat, so like a busby

Glittering Paillettes, brilliant as a stained-glass window, embroidered on Paquin's slender evening jacket of fine black jersey

Asymmetric Sheath showing the extreme elegance of Maggy Rouff's sweater line, lightly draped at the waist, with a sloping band of astrakan swept up from the hem to emphasise its narrow height

LONDON FLOCKS TO THE WOMAN'S FAIR

INAUGURATING A BIG VENTURE: Mr. Philip E. Hill, one of the promoters of the Woman's Fair at Olympia, in conversation with Lady Astor at the luncheon, of which he was Chairman, held to mark the Fair's opening. The show is to remain open until November 26, and covers many phases of feminine interest, including the home, children, food, fashion and beauty. *On right*—Mr. Ern Westmore, of Hollywood, putting the finishing touches to a figure of the Mikado included in the tableau of characters from Gilbert and Sullivan opera

THE QUEENS OF LOVELINESS are another first-rate feature of the Woman's Fair which, judging by its initial success and the way it is attracting men as well as women, seems likely to become a firmly established and highly popular annual event. *Above on right*—Miss Lotus Fragrance, the Chinese film actress, who has been selling goods on the Chinese Industries stand

THE PALM-LEAF BASKET MAKERS OF MOROCCO are another popular attraction at the Fair and all day long fascinated crowds have been gathering to watch them. *On right*—A visitor in the Shirley Temple Garden, one of the displays in the Hollywood Gardens section of the Fair. Yet another feature is the fashion theatre which has seating accommodation for 1,500 people, and there fashions are being introduced as part of an ingeniously staged revue

JUDGMENT DAY: Just look at the serious, deeply concentrating expressions on the faces of these girls. When the picture was taken they were attending the final audition at which dancers and members of the chorus were selected for Drury Lane's Christmas pantomime. Even the cameraman could not make them smile as tensely they watched from the wings a fellow aspirant bidding for a place in the big show. The stage has a particular glamour for the girl with good looks and ambition, but it has its moments of disappointment

DRAMA:

Elizabeth of Austria Heroine of a Play of Slow Solemnity: The Marie Antoinette Film makes Lavish Spectacle: A Great Performance

by Robert Morley

ELIZABETH, wife of the Emperor Franz Josef of Austria, was possibly a more vital and certainly a more tragic queen than our own Victoria, but she does not, it seems, make such a good play. After a brief appearance in *Paprika* at His Majesty's, she now has a drama all to herself at the Garrick Theatre—an affair of many scenes and episodes whose authenticity very few people are in a position either to doubt or to endorse. We see the young girl from Bavaria, wild and bare-legged, married to the pompous and mother-pecked young Emperor. We see her affection for him diminish as his whiskers grow, and a vital and fascinating young woman flee the country rather than allow herself to be crushed by the narrow etiquette of the Court. We see many other things, most of them tragic.

But we do not see Bay Middleton, who used to be Elizabeth's constant attendant when she hunted in Leicestershire and Northamptonshire; a curious omission in view of the fact that the play is presented to English audiences. The chronicle moves with slow solemnity and could hardly do otherwise unless history were to be twisted in flagrant Hollywood fashion. There is the inevitability of a Greek tragedy about it all, and some parts of it are not any more exciting. But whereas Greek tragedy has poetry to adorn it, either the original or the Gilbert Murray version, the language of *Elizabeth of Austria* is not only not poetical (which is just as well) but rarely distinguished. These nineteenth-century European Royalties should, from the literary point of view, be made a little larger than life for stage purposes. Those golden drawing-rooms, royal coats of arms, and plush pelmets did not quite fit in with some very ordinary small talk. Realism in such matters should not always be adhered to rigidly.

Miss Wanda Rotha I would place high up on the long list of actresses sent to us of late by, or from, Mittel-Europa. She can speak English better than any of them, and it is possible to hear what she says. She has poise and fire. Her best scene was that with her fierce mother-in-law, when the latter forbade her to see her little sick son. When we eventually saw that son as an adult—the Crown Prince Rudolf, of Maylering (and film) fame—he looked so much older than his own mother that the tensely emotional scene between them had its comic side. Mr. Gyles Isham wore his uniforms and his whiskers with dignity as the Emperor and gave a remarkably interesting performance. Except at their first meeting I could not believe that he felt any love whatever for his Empress. Perhaps the real Franz Josef did not feel that way either; she was a much tried and misunderstood woman, but she did lead him a bit of a dance.

Miss May Agate was pleasantly fussy as Elizabeth's mother, and Mr. Arthur Young made her father surprisingly simple and sympathetic for a Bavarian Arch-Duke. Ladies-in-waiting loomed severely, and all the uniforms and all their wearers put in useful work.

"Marie Antoinette" (Film).—Like Elizabeth of Austria, Marie Antoinette, also of Austria, was encircled at an early age by Court etiquette which she detested, became a queen in a land where she was a foreigner, and had a tragic end. I would pursue the parallel after the fashion of Plutarch for quite a while, but I fear that that would not be "breath-taking," for I notice that the quoted eulogies of this film at the Empire Theatre are much concerned with breath. Grave and reverend experts have called it "breath-taking," one of them being still more explicit and declaring that "it takes your breath away." Now that may or may not be a good attribute of any production, even if it be a welcome and wholesome process in the case of a proportion of any audience. If the meaning is that, the film having cost £500,000, one is awe-struck at so vast a sum of money, I can only answer that a battleship costs £5,000,000, and one can see it for nothing. If the excitement of this *Marie Antoinette* is said to be such that it leaves one sweating and gasping, I must confess that that is not the effect it had upon me.

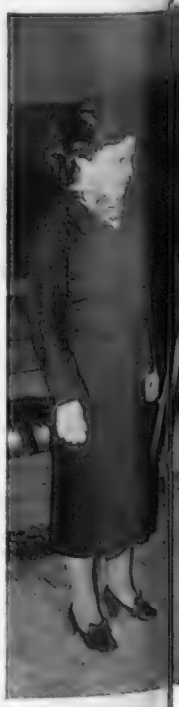
It lasted for two hours and twenty minutes and for the greater part of that period it seemed to be almost insufferably tedious; indeed, the only thing I found amazing was that human ingenuity could have taken famous historical events so pregnant with drama and so completely have emasculated them.

It is axiomatic that an historical film is primarily (and, indeed, all along the line intended to be attractive and of good box office value, and not to be correct in its facts from an antiquarian, academic or any other point of view. To protest at such an attitude is considered pedantic and priggish, and in so far as one cannot expect Hollywood to spend half a million pounds to teach correct history to film audiences I agree.

Sometimes the process can be amusing; I find "Beachcomber's" Mr. Sol Hogwasch much in evidence at the Empire now, a lovable and by no means an exaggerated figure. But when real history is more dramatic and in every way more interesting than the mangled version, I lose patience. Not that the chief features in the career of Marie Antoinette and her husband are ignored or altered; even the film world probably would not stand for there being no revolution and no guillotine. The outstanding events, however, are encompassed with a mass of inaccuracies, major and minor, with distortion and false emphasis, and with a perversion of the truth which I cannot think is not deliberate. Also with an odd omission to use authentic episodes and touches which would have been of value.

As to this point, it is hardly possible for anyone who has heard of Marie Antoinette at all not to know of her connection with the picturesque Petit Trianon, her pseudo-Arcadian adventures, and her amateur theatricals. Of all this there is no trace, and in the large cast there are no Polignacs, no Besenval, no Vaudreuil. The famous affair of the diamond necklace, probably the most remarkable scandal in the world's history, is introduced only casually; this may be because it was considered that the affair has already been dealt with, by Dumas and others, *ad nauseam*, but I doubt it. No, the main event in the life of the Queen is here made out to be her acquaintance with Count Fersen.

The facts of this are that she undoubtedly met Fersen at Court and liked him, that they corresponded warmly (letters are extant), and that he managed the staff work for the flight to Varennes, and bungled it badly. That Fersen was the grand passion of her life and that it was a guilty passion has been alleged. But there is no evidence to support this view and the best authorities agree that it is the wrong view. In the film, however, there is nothing of the "alleged" in the doings of the Queen and Fersen. It is the story's main theme, hammered in again and again, with long and inexpressibly boring dialogues between them, carried on with conventional embracings, clutchings, gaspings, tear-filled eyes, and "close-ups," beloved in the film world. An incident is thus made to overbalance the whole, and an unconscionable part of that two hours and twenty minutes is occupied with its tedious exaggeration.



A BOLD VENTURE: day rehearsal at which he was able, appeared in a pro gap left by Frank part of Henry Or shire press photo ried. At the close was given a tre

SADLER'S WELLS ADDS ANOTHER OPERA TO ITS REPERTOIRE: Ronald Stear as the Landgrave in the Paris version of *Tannhauser* which was produced with great success last week at the north London theatre. This version, which is now in more or less general use, gives special opportunities to the dancers, and on the first night the ballet rose nobly to the occasion

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

finger tips. In the earlier scenes as the Dauphine, she wore a different attitude and hair like Miss Ginger Rogers, but I venture to think it was the wrong attitude. It is true that Marie Antoinette was at that period a high-spirited young girl of fourteen; but she was the daughter of Maria Theresa, and I do not think she was ever kittenish in quite so modern a fashion. In the grim scenes of the imprisonment and on the eve of her execution, Miss Shearer showed some sincerity and dramatic power.

Since it would be just as absurd for Marie Antoinette to be made to talk English as to talk American, which, of course, is the native tongue of Miss Shearer and of the majority of her colleagues, the question of incongruity of language lies outside discussion. But need some of this language have been quite so intensely American, and need the Queen have called to the King, "Oh, Louis" with that characteristic ascending little whine? And need the Duc d'Orleans have been portrayed as in love with the Queen? He never was. Need he have been played by a man with an exceptionally thin face? The detested "Philippe Egalité" had a round, plump face; after all, he was Louis Philippe's father. Need the Royal children have been such horrid and cacophonous little brats? Need the Comte d'Artois (who was a great friend and possibly the lover of the Queen) have been given so little to do? For the part was in the capable hands of Mr. Reginald Gardiner, who looked it. Need the music have been quite so loud and quite so inappropriate?

But Mr. Robert Morley as the shy, awkward, and decent king, was superbly appropriate. A great performance.

I can well believe that the really magnificent scenes and dresses swallowed much of that £500,000, for such things are to be expected when Mr. W. S. Van Dyke II directs a story about Louis XVI. I wonder what the cost would be of a story about Louis II directed by Mr. W. S. Van Dyke XVI.

At the Gate on Thursday, November 17, Norman Marshall will produce *The Heart was not Burned*—a fantasy by James Laver. The play concerns Shelley, Byron, and Keats who are made to typify Fascism, the spirit of artistic detachment and Communism. The play also contains a certain amount of biographical detail.

"THE SPHERE'S" DRAMATIC CRITIC

On Friday, October 28, many journalists and members of the theatrical profession gathered at the Trocadero Restaurant, Shaftesbury Avenue, to do honour to Mr. Philip Page, on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee as a dramatic critic, his fellow critics, Mr. James Agate, Mr. Hannen Swaffer, and Mr. Ivor Brown, being among those who paid tribute to his work in Fleet Street. Also present were Mr. Basil Dean, the producer, Mr. Cochran, Mr. Mark Hambourg, Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson, and Mr. Herman Finck.—THE EDITOR.

Miss Norma Shearer, as the Queen, showed great competence at this sort of stuff, for she has Hollywood's technique at her

Mr. J. B. Priestley pictured during his all the St. Martin's Theatre at the end of despite the fact that he had never before fessional production, to step into the Pettingell's motor accident, taking the monroyd, the comic and bibulous York- grapher, in the play, *When We Are Mar-* of his first performance Mr. Priestley mendous ovation by the audience

COMEDY-CUM-TRAGEDY AT THE ALDWYCH: Godfrey Baxter as Syd Waller, one of Flo Martin's noisy friends; Olive Sloane as Flo, the boisterous wife of the grocer; Dorothy Hamilton as Rose Waller, another cheerful vulgarian; Richard Bird as George Martin, the priggish and morose grocer who murders his wife by strangulation; and Vivienne Bennett as Mary Williams, the quiet girl beloved of George. This is one of the early scenes in Paul Dornhorst's play *They Fly by Twilight*, which was originally presented at the Royal, Brighton, in 1937 and has now come to the West End via the People's Palace, Mile End Road, and the "Q" Theatre

MR. MACDONALD RECEIVES A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR: The Secretary of State for the Dominions and Colonies seen with Mr. Oswald Pirow, South African Defence Minister, as they began their series of talks in London last week. South Africa, fearing German colonial claims, is busy strengthening her defences at a cost of £6,000,000, and during his stay Mr. Pirow will make arrangements for much of the necessary equipment to be bought in this country

LORD NUFFIELD'S SERVICE TO SOUTH WALES: The motor magnate being presented with a gold key by Mr. Garfield Weston before he opened the new factory of the Weston Biscuit Co. at Llantarnam, Monmouthshire. The factory has been erected in collaboration with the Nuffield Trust and will give employment to no fewer than 450 people

TO PUT LIFE INTO ARMY PROPAGANDA: Major-General Beith (Ian Hay, the novelist) at his desk at the War Office on taking up his new appointment as Director of Public Relations

LEADER OF MEN: Miss Brenda Gogarty, artist daughter of Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty, the Irish man of letters, at work on her bust of Mr. Eric Shipton, who was one of the chief members of this year's Mount Everest Expedition

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

CONDER: THE TRAGIC DREAMER

John Rothenstein's Biography of a Lesser-known Master of the Last Century: Mrs. Lindbergh Reveals Herself an Exquisite and Sensitive Writer

By VERNON FANE

AMONG the lesser masters of English painting the name of Charles Conder sets a standard of delicacy and poetry. His talent was never of the very first order, but it was authentic. Of his art Balzac might have written, "as vague as the swaying of the trees under the effects of the breeze, as wandering as the turnings of a butterfly in the blue air, as little reasoning as the softly melodious voice of the fields, but tinged like nature with a mysterious love."

Conder died while still a young man from the effects of an unusually dissipated life, but he left behind him a notable collection of work which was to be compared with the paintings of Watteau and of Fragonard. He had perfected his own exquisite technique for painting on silk, and had designed some fans of great beauty and of a fineness surprising in someone whose everyday life seemed to be so lacking in control.

Mr. John Rothenstein's **THE LIFE AND DEATH OF CONDER** (Dent. 18s.) is a much-needed biography of this strange and, in the widest sense, sad figure. Sir William Rothenstein, the author's father, was for many years a close and generous friend of Conder's, and the book is written with real sympathy for a man who must often have been a difficult companion.

Conder lived mainly in France; in Paris, where he formed a close and illuminating friendship with Toulouse-Lautrec, and in Dieppe and those little Seine villages beloved of that generation of artists. For the greater part of his life he was poor, but although he found this occasionally distressing and was forced to send urgent appeals for help to his English friends, his chief preoccupations were with his work and with his surroundings. The old Moulin Rouge of the turn of the century saw him night after night with that queer little figure, Toulouse-Lautrec.

Both men would sit there hour upon hour, each taking from the atmosphere of the place what he wanted. Lautrec was an observer of life, as his painting shows; Conder a dreamer. They were boon companions, and under the Frenchman's guidance Conder soon lost that threat of provincialism which, according to Mr. Rothenstein, is a quality of Anglo-Saxon painters. "Their lives and their work are remote from the main stream of European civilisation. That this was in no sense true of Conder is in a large measure due to his intimacy with Anquetin and Lautrec."

Lautrec's knowledge of the world of men was infinite, and only matched by Anquetin's knowledge of the world of art. With these two exceptional men as friends and mentors Conder's life in France never touched the commonplace. He learned from them and from his own experience, and translated that in terms of beauty. Conder was an idealist, and throughout whatever sordid passes his life took him he never doubted that the woman of the moment was the most lovely of beings or that even the Moulin Rouge with its dancers was "a glowing, shimmering dream of Arabian nights."

I have such a vivid, almost a personal memory of Mrs. Anne Morrow Lindbergh's *North to the Orient* that I can scarcely believe that it is more than three years since I first read it. Now her second book, **LISTEN! THE WIND** (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.), comes to remind me that she is not just the wife of the world's most famous airman, but an exquisite and sensitive writer of English prose.

Their aeroplane, the same in which they had made the survey flight over the Arctic route to the east, was christened in Greenland by the name used there when an aeroplane is sighted. The *Tingmissartoq* ("the one who flies like a big bird") had already, at the opening of the present book, taken Colonel Lindbergh and his wife on the greater part of a survey flight over the air routes of the Atlantic. This book is concerned with one of the last stages of their flight, the crossing from Africa to South America.

Their first attempt at this crossing was made from Dakar and got them as far as the Cape Verde islands, where they found the wind unfavourable for their take-off to the west, and were forced to return to Africa. They made Bathurst their headquarters on this occasion and from there planned the flight to Natal (Brazil).

That flight was to be begun at night with a full moon, and continued into the day, for the crossing was more than 1,500 miles, and all of them over open sea. When all the preparations had been completed and farewells said, there remained only one thing, the take-off itself, and it was there that the Lindberghs were baffled. Their plane, which had taken off before with the same amount of weight on board, would not leave the water of the harbour. Was it their small cargo, or the engine, or the floats? Or was it the lack of wind? In any case, all was to be done over again, and the Lindberghs returned to the friendly Government House to re-plan their departure.

After three attempts, and as many unloadings and discardings, the take-off was accomplished and they soared off for South America. Their crossing was entirely successful—even uneventful by comparison with others, but because the writer is Mrs. Lindbergh, it was a journey of beauty and danger and triumph. On their way they found a ship, and swooped down on it. "I held up my arm and waved frantically, conscious of that supreme thrill of communication. It is the most exciting thing in life anyway, whether you find it in a book or in conversation or in the understanding of two minds. But this, the momentary synthesis of two kinds of communication, was almost unbearable in its intensity. All night and all day I had been struggling to speak over a radio. I had been able to contact people only through my fingers, and my ears, like someone who is blind. But now, suddenly, I could see . . . One of those men waving on deck was the radio operator I had been talking to. I raised my arm again—wonderful!"

On this, as on other journeys, Mrs. Lindbergh acted as assistant pilot and radio operator for her husband. She was his liaison officer with the worlds between which they were flying, just as now she is the sensitive interpreter of his work and his projects.

CECIL BEATON'S NEW YORK (Batsford. 10s. 6d.) is not everybody's New York. It is not the New York of the man who, travelling on business, explores its offices by day and concentrates on the obvious forms of entertainment in the evenings. Nor is it the New York of the philosophic writer, drawing thoughtful conclusions from the strange world about him. Just possibly it might be the New York of the intelligent tripper, alert enough to sort his impressions before he was lost in a dazzle of tall buildings and taller stories.

Mr. Cecil Beaton made a long stay in New York, or, more exactly, in Manhattan, for although he visited the Bronx and Brooklyn and has reported earnestly on both, as well as on the Bowery, that traditionally tough section of lower Manhattan, it is in the theatrical Forties and the club Fifties and the social Sixties that he is most at home.

I know a man who memorises telephone numbers by dividing them in two, and thinking of the New York streets that those numbers represent. "4252," he muses, "42nd Street, that wide street that intersects Broadway, and is the real heart of theatreland . . . 52nd Street, that used to house the smartest of all speakeasies, and still holds their more respectable metamorphoses . . . Yes, I can remember 4252."

To people who think of numbers as a coldly impersonal substitute for street names and imagine that the streets they indicate must be equally without character, it may be surprising to find that there is

(*Continued on page 278*)

SIDEWALK CAMEO: A composite picture from *Cecil Beaton's New York* (Batsford. 10s. 6d.)—a book made up of the latest efforts of this clever photographer and witty chronicler of modern fashions

A LAST LOOK ROUND AT THE EUROPEAN NEWS

Hungary Gains New Territory; Christening at Karenhall; and Other Events

THE "AXIS" ARBITERS AT WORK: Count Ciano, Italian Foreign Minister, and Herr von Ribbentrop, German Foreign Minister, signing the agreement which they came to in Vienna last week when they helped to revise the frontier between Czechoslovakia and Hungary

SWEEPING AWAY THE PROVISIONS OF TRIANON: *Left*—The dramatic scene on the bridge over the Danube at Komarom as Hungarian troops advanced towards the barricades and swept them aside, the wooden posts and barbed wire being thrown into the river, as depicted *on right*. Thus on November 6 Hungary regained the territory which she lost to Czechoslovakia following the great war, the change over, which had been agreed upon by the respective Governments acting on the advice of Germany and Italy, taking place without untoward incident. As a result of this latest cession, Czechoslovakia's loss since the Munich agreement now amounts to just about one-third of her original area

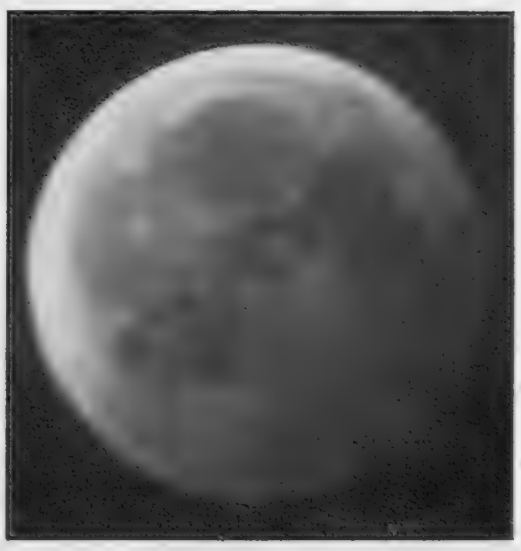
HUNGARY'S JOY DAY: *Left*—Hungarians destroying customs signs as they took over the areas ceded to them last week by Czechoslovakia, and (*right*) Admiral Horthy, the Hungarian Regent, seated upon a white charger as he reviewed his troops after entering Komarom

ARMISTICE DAY IN ITALY: The King and Queen and Signor Mussolini attending open-air mass in Rome on November 4, the twentieth anniversary of the Austrian surrender at Vittorio Veneto and the conclusion of hostilities

THE CHRISTENING OF FIELD-MARSHAL GORING'S BABY DAUGHTER was a big event in Germany last week, many notabilities going to Karenhall, the Field-Marshal's home near Berlin, to attend the ceremony. *Left*—Herr Hitler, who acted as godfather, making friends with the infant, which is being held by Frau Göring (the former State actress Emmy Sonneman). *Right*—Göring plays with the baby while the Führer and other guests look on

THE CRIME OF HERSCHEL GRYNSZPAN: This seventeen-year-old Polish Jew, seen in charge of police, was arrested this week after shooting the private secretary to the German Ambassador in Paris

THE WINDSORS FIND A PARIS HOME: No. 24, Boulevard Sauchet, the spacious residence situated near the Bois de Boulogne, which the Duke and Duchess have taken on lease and are now busily engaged in decorating. *On left*—The Duke and Duchess leaving No. 24 after a preliminary inspection of the premises



THIS WEEK'S TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE MOON: A picture taken at 11 p.m. last Monday when the earth's shadow was still cast upon the greater part of the disc. The moon appeared very globular and was suffused with a rosy orange glow

A MOMENT OF SUSPENSE!
Loading a locomotive at Liverpool on to the Lamport and Holt steamer *Delaine*. It is one of four engines made by the Vulcan Foundry Company and destined for use in the Argentine. Each engine and tender weighs a total of 111 tons

THE MECHANICAL RIVER . . .
This elaborate apparatus has been built at Pasadena, California, to help in the study and prevention of erosion. By simulating in a short space of time the action of a river over a long period it shows how water power splits up rock

WAR-CONSCIOUS AMERICA . . .
Gas-masked man of the U.S. Army light tank corps going into action during exercises at Fort George Meade, Maryland

OUR STILL NEGLECTED ROADS

No Noticeable Improvement of Conditions Since the Main Highways were Taken Over by the Government

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. *(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)*

WHEN the Government took over the main roads of this country we motorists rather thought that the change would mean a more practical policy for the widening and maintenance of these highways. Well, I, for one, cannot notice much difference in the roads under the new regime as compared with the old. Before the change-over I frequently mentioned in these notes instances of unnecessary waste of money in carrying out futile alterations, but I find to-day the same, or, at any rate, similar, mad schemes are in process of completion.

Let me take a few examples. There is a 30-mile limit in the village of Esher on the main Portsmouth Road and, although the authorities have very commendably drawn in the 30 m.p.h. limit signs, the portion of the road running beside Sandown Racecourse is still restricted and is likely to be restricted for as long as the 30-mile limit is legal in this country. The authorities must know, as well as I do, that no one may travel faster than 30 m.p.h. over this stretch, yet at great expense and at the moment at great inconvenience one of the corners is being super-elevated.

Practically every day of my life I travel to and from Hindhead to Milford on the Portsmouth Road. Near the former village the twisty road on the higher reaches is being reconstructed and has had a lot of attention from armies of workmen for the past few months. This particular stretch of main road is extremely narrow, boasts a tremendous number of bends, and the surface was none too good. In addition I find that this particular portion of road for some reason or other induces drivers to take the most appalling risks while driving either up or down the gradient. Anything, therefore, which improves the surface, widens the road and makes the camber safer is all to the good. It is scarcely believable, however, that some of the bends or corners are being definitely banked, while others which were only completed a week or two ago are not, unless it is in the wrong direction.

Whoever is responsible for this work must possess a brain which works erratically. If none of the corners were banked I would be disappointed, but when some are and some are not and all of them are included in the reconstruction work then I find it exceedingly difficult to express in words what I think of the Road Department of the Ministry of Transport.

For many years now we have had to watch miles of stone or concrete kerbs being laid down to mark the edges of our roads. While I am still of the opinion that these kerbs create an element of danger which was not there before, I am prepared to admit that they are of use during periods of poor visibility. I do not know how many miles of roads have been treated in this way, but I should think that the stone quarries or the cement works must have almost exhausted themselves while endeavouring to keep up with the demand. There appears to be a definite slackening off of this type of offensive, but a new attack is now being started, and this takes the form of planting colossal islands in the middle of comparatively narrow roads, presumably to help pedestrians to cross the road safely in two stages. Anything which tends to assist pedestrians in this way has my unlimited approval, but when I find that where the islands are placed there are practically no pedestrians to use them I begin to get a little worried.

My remarks are prompted by recent observations I have made on the new Guildford by-pass. I should say that six of these islands have been placed in the centre of the road in a stretch certainly not longer than half a mile. On one side of the road there is no house or signs of habitation along the whole of that stretch and the only other building on the opposite side so far as I can remember is a fairly large and important-looking garage. How these conditions warrant the erection of six islands, presumably for pedestrian purposes, is beyond my comprehension. On a wide road their presence would be scarcely noticed, but the part where they are placed is ridiculously narrow for a by-pass and, what is more, some of them are situated on bends. I am surprised that more of them have not been written off than I have noticed. Speaking quite candidly, I think they are a definite danger and whoever is responsible for their erection should have them removed before they cause one or more fatal accidents.

As Christmas approaches many people find their thoughts turning to sunlit snow on which they can enjoy themselves indulging in winter sports. Visits to Continental countries for such winter pastimes are now quite commonplace, but I wonder how many people realise that there is at least one country in Europe that may be visited throughout the winter and the tourist can enjoy himself or herself, participating in winter sports among the mountains or sea-bathing along the coast. These two pastimes are seldom possible at the same time of the year in the same country. I am referring to Italy.

I can well imagine some of my readers saying, that is all very interesting but then Italy is so far away. Well, let me state facts, actually the distance from Calais to the Italian Alps or lake district is not very much more than that from London to the Scottish highlands. We are apt to applaud the wonderful motoring roads of Germany but we must remember that Italy was the first European country to lay down special motor roads. The whole country is now covered with a network of magnificent highways which allow the driver to take his car into the mountain districts or to the sunny shores of the Italian Riviera and the Bay of Naples.

The Royal Automobile Club of Italy extends a cordial welcome to all British motorists and has established offices at points where the main roads enter Italy, and at these offices there is an English-speaking staff fully qualified and anxious to supply information, advice, etc. At these offices motorists may obtain permits for the temporary importation of their cars. For 20 lire a five-day pass is issued, and for 60 lire, the equivalent of 12s., a car may be taken into the country for a year. For the same sum of money British motorists can enrol at these offices as a temporary member of the club and thus acquire the right to place the club's badge on the car and use the club's premises and parking places. Italy is one of the countries affiliated to the National Touring Alliance and so allows foreign cars to circulate free of road taxes for 90 days.

THE LATEST HUMBER SNIPE: An extremely good-looking car which possesses an outstanding road performance. It is fitted with the well-known "evenkeel" system of independent front-wheel suspension. This and a number of other models can be seen on the Humber stand at the Scottish Motor Show, Kelvin Hall, Glasgow

The simplest route is to travel via the French Riviera and enter Italy at Ventimiglia. It certainly looks as if Italy has quite a lot to offer the motorist, and goes out of her way to make touring easy and cheap. Good petrol, too, I am told, can be obtained by the motoring tourist at 1s. 2d. per gallon. Anyone thinking of touring in Italy should pay a visit to the London office of the Italian State Tourist Department, 38, Piccadilly, London, where all information can be obtained.

In the High Court the Automobile Association has just been successful in establishing that the corroborative evidence necessary to secure the conviction of a motorist for exceeding the speed limit depends on the observations of witnesses being taken at the same time and place. The court allowed an appeal conducted by the association against the conviction of a motorist who had been fined 20s. and had his licence endorsed by the Cambridge justices for exceeding the limit. At the original hearing it was admitted that the estimation of the defendant's speed was taken by two police officers who were nearly half a mile apart. Under the Road Traffic Acts conviction for exceeding the speed limit cannot be secured solely on the opinion of one witness. The Appeal Court accepted the submission of counsel for the A.A. that the Act had not been complied with, and in quashing the conviction allowed costs against the police.

The list of fixtures comprising the international calendar for 1939 has been issued by the Royal Automobile Club. For next year Great Britain has twenty-one international dates, one less than last year. The Royal Scottish Automobile Club has not asked for international recognition for the Scottish rally for 1939, and the Dunlop jubilee meeting at Brooklands this year, being of a special character, obviously will not be held next year. The Bugatti Owners' Club hill climb at Prescott on July 30 achieves international status and this is the sole British addition to the 1939 calendar.

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SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

NOTES *from* NEAR *and* FAR

Rollin' Down to Rio, Where Life is Gay and Colourful: A City of Plazas, Parks, Boulevards and Perpetual Sunshine: The Isles of the Caribbean: Seeing East Africa

IN RIO'S GLORIOUS BAY: The last word in formal, waterfront, landscape gardening at Praca Paris, Rio de Janeiro. This is the ideal time of the year to visit this famed city of the southern hemisphere

THIS is the time of year when travellers' thoughts put more emphasis on the far side of this feature than the near. What may be called the low season of traffic to western Europe is now passing, stimulation coming from the increasing numbers leaving for the Riviera and the sunny resorts of Italy. Soon will come the activity due to winter sports, the first organised parties setting out in the very early days of December. Let us for a while, however, look much farther afield, to parts where spring is giving place to summer.

Rio de Janeiro.—About the last thing you should associate with this Brazilian port is the weather of an English January. It just happened that the Portuguese explorer went there on New Year's Day something over 300 years ago and thinking the bay was a river gave it the picturesque name it bears. There is no river at Rio, but that abbreviation of its name has come rollin' down through the years and will go on when the last windjammer is just a tradition.

I doubt if there is a harbour in the world which provides a more impressive sight. The great bay is dotted with tiny islands and ringed about with mountains and hills of fantastic forms and varied colourings. Sugar Loaf Mountain, a granite cone, rises 1,200 ft. from the sea at the entrance to the harbour. You can go up by aerial cable-car.

Farther off is Corcovado, the Hunchback Mountain, ascended by a cog-wheel railway which puts you down at the foot of a colossal figure of Christ. From both these heights magnificent panoramas of Rio and its surroundings are obtained.

This great city of 2,000,000 people has some old and picturesque spots but there is grandeur in its modern side. The main avenue through the heart of the city, Rio Branco, is more than 100 ft. wide, with trees down either side and a row in the middle, while the parts are of black and white stone. Then there is the Beira Mar running for five miles beside the sea—that is what its name means—with two wide roadways for traffic, a bridle-path in the middle, and trees all the way.

Life is very gay and colourful in this lovely city of plazas, parks, boulevards and perpetual sunshine. How anybody can be persuaded to stay indoors to do a job of work I really do not know.

The Virgin Islands.—Now come a bit farther north and have another peep at some more of those islands of the Caribbean which I have mentioned in recent notes. America bought a delightful bit of the world when she paid Denmark about £5,000,000 for them just over twenty-one years ago. Tourist traffic is being developed a good deal now and their assets are a beautiful climate (particularly in winter), natural beauty and a certain amount of historical interest from the days when it seemed that if anybody wanted a fight he took ship and went off to the West Indies. The islands were discovered by Columbus, and the Danes were there for two and a half centuries.

The group contains three large islands and many small ones. St. Croix is the largest and most populous, but St. Thomas, by virtue of having one of the finest harbours in these waters, is best known. St. John, wooded and unspoiled, is the most beautiful, with its beaches of snow-white sand, verdant hills and wealth of flowers. Its peace is still undisturbed. The bay leaf harvest is its chief excitement and it has quite a reputation in that direction.

East Africa.—If you want to add to your travel records experiences which comparatively few can claim, East Africa offers many opportunities. A few days on the slopes of Kilimanjaro, the highest mountain in the continent, is worth considering, yet it is not a very big undertaking. You go by steamer to Mombasa, the rather dingy gateway to Kenya, a country of great charm. Although Kenya is astride the Equator it has a lovely climate owing to its altitude. There is no need to go to Nairobi to visit the mountain, but naturally you will want to do so. It is very pleasant and up-to-date, and the largest white city in Central Africa. On a clear day you can see Kilimanjaro and its everlasting snowcap from Nairobi.

Having seen the city and then the mountain, you must go to the Serengati Plains in Tanganyika, passing on the way the vast Ngorongoro Crater, where tens of thousands of wild animals live in sanctuary. On the Plains Lord and Lady Lion are at home to you. It is possible to get within a few feet of the domestic circle, particularly at feeding time. I see that Cooks are including a six-day "Safari on the Plains" as part of a tour which goes out through the Red Sea to Mombasa and returns up the Nile Valley. That should be a great experience.

The Other Grampians.—Now let us go from Africa to Australia for a few words about the other Grampians, the mountains of Victoria, which in spring are a wonderland of wild flowers. Hall's Gap, the tourist centre, is reached by rail from Melbourne to Stawell and then by a motor run of less than an hour. Rugged peaks, mountain streams, and waterfalls provide many beautiful pictures. The Mackenzie Falls and Splitter's Falls should be seen, and in the part known as Wonderland there are strange rock formations. There is a good road to the top of Mount Victory giving a grand panorama of the range. Another of the chief heights is Mount Rosea, reached by a natural stairway up the otherwise sheer face of the hill.

The Victoria Grampians cannot produce anything as high as Ben Nevis, but not wishing to provoke the wrath of the entire Scottish nation at home and abroad I will not venture on any further comparisons.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Madeira.—For a month's holiday in December, giving plenty of sunshine, sport, and quiet, we suggest Madeira will meet all your requirements. We usually recommend the Savoy Hotel, which charges about 15s. a day inclusive, and the Bella Vista, at about 12s. 6d., is also very good. Of the cheaper hotels you will find the Golden Gate quite comfortable.

Jamaica.—The temperature is seldom below 70 deg. in the town and it varies from warm to very hot. In the wet season it is very humid. For a prolonged stay you would, therefore, require plenty of linen and silk dresses and linen or silk underwear. Shady hats and very lightweight shoes are, of course, necessary and lightweight coats and wraps of light wool or heavy silk for the evening and excursions into the hills.

Cervinia.—For early winter sports in Italy I can recommend Cervinia. You are sure of having excellent conditions at the beginning of December. The ski-ing slopes are from Plateau Rosa (11,500 ft.) and Plan Maison (8,500 ft.). The wire rope railways go up 11,500 ft. There are about a dozen recognised routes and many others in the Matterhorn region. Skating rinks are attached to the principal hotels. The quickest route is London–Paris–Mt. Cenis–Turin–Chatillon, thence by bus to Valtournanche and Cervinia.

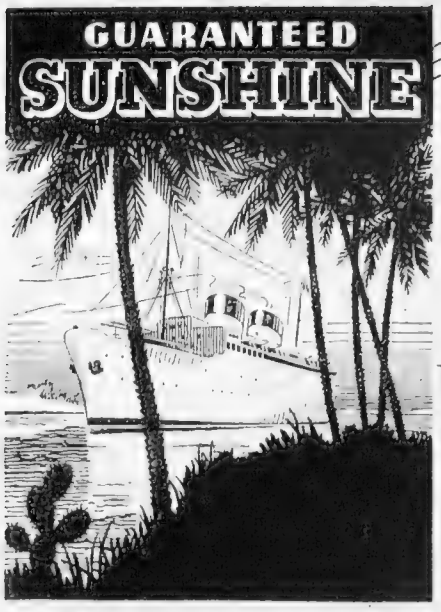
Malta.—The sea passage from London is eight or nine days by the fastest steamers and two days from Marseilles. Behind Valetta, the picturesque capital, a very pleasant residential district, Sliema, has developed and has plenty of good accommodation.

Algiers.—The passage from Southampton takes ninety-six hours. We suggest you stay at the Hotel St. Georges at Mustapha Superieure. The approximate inclusive charge would be 100 francs. At Biskra there is western influence, but Bou-Saada is a charming place and unspoiled. The hotels run by the C.G.T., known as "Transat" hotels, are uniformly good. The food is good and the local wine pleasant. There is an interesting trip inland by Ofalac automobile, which includes Djijeli, Timgad, El-Kantara, Biskra, Bou-Saada, and Borira, the charge, including hotels, being about £10.

Italian Opera.—The opera season does not open till Boxing Day except at the Royal Opera House, Rome, where the first performance is on December 8, with *La Nave*. La Scala, Milan, opens with *Macbeth*, the San Carlo at Naples with *Othello*, the Carlo Felice at Genoa with *Mosé*, all on Boxing Day. The season at Trieste begins on January 8 with *Il Trovatore*, and Venice two days later with *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Palermo has a season later on.

Beverley Brooke

PALM-SHADED KINGSTON: A scene in Jamaica's lovely capital where winter is unknown



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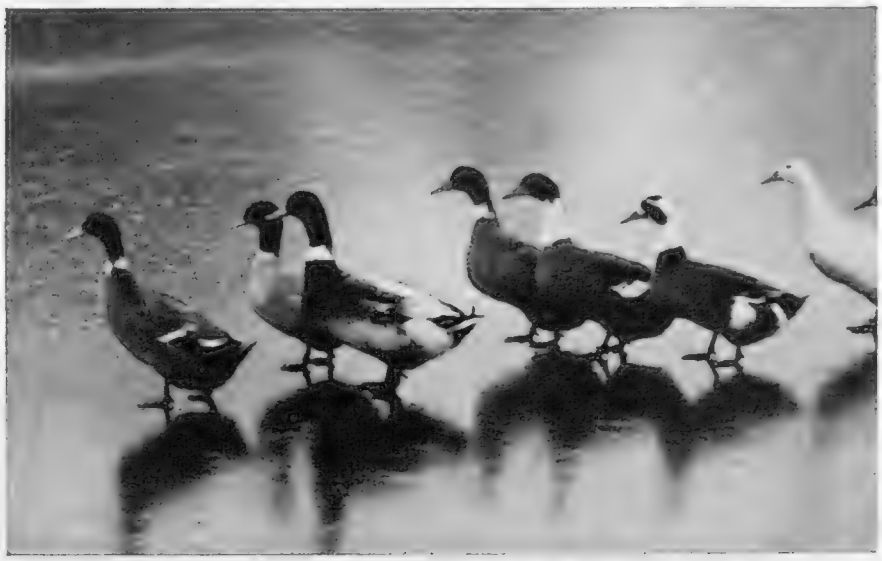
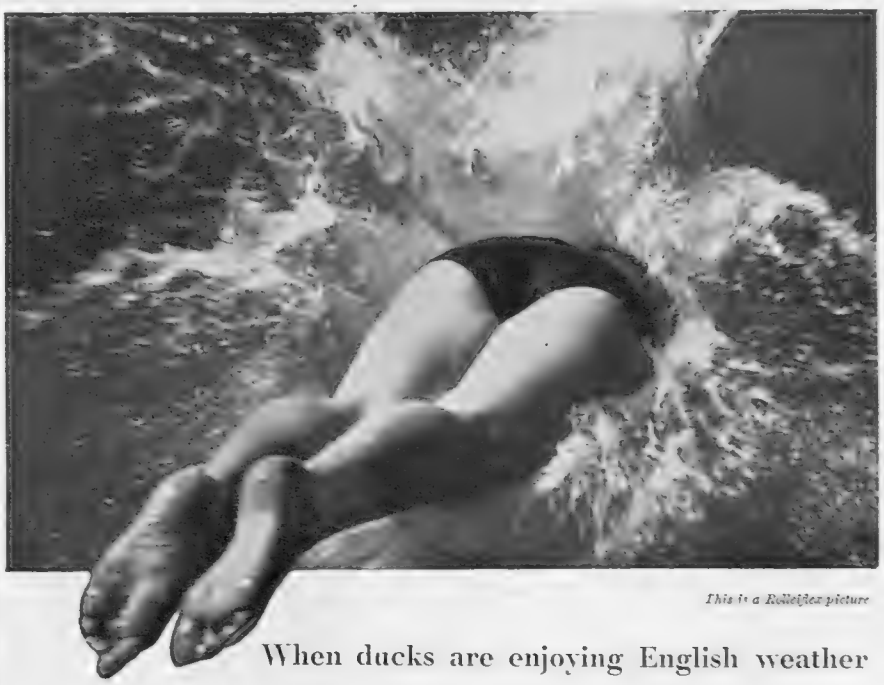


FOR A DUCK!



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WEST INDIES: by Duchess of Atholl. Calling at Las Palmas, La Brea, Port of Spain, Kingston, Havana, Miami, Nassau, Madeira. From Liverpool Feb. 18. 35 days from 62 gns.

MEDITERRANEAN: by Empress of Australia. Calling at Cherbourg, Algiers, Tripoli, Port Said (for Cairo), Famagusta, Beirut (for Damascus), Rhodes, Istanbul, Athens, Catania, Naples. From Southampton Mar. 3. 31 Days from 53 gns.

SPRING CRUISES: by Duchess of Atholl. Calling at Madeira, Casablanca, Lisbon. From Liverpool, Mar. 31. 11 Days from 19 gns.

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In the London Salerooms

LORD KITCHENER'S COLLECTION of ANTIQUES

The Forthcoming Sale of the Leicester Harmsworth Colour Prints and Other Treasures

GEMS OF ORIENTAL ART: A head of a man, probably belonging to the twenty-sixth dynasty in Egypt; a figure of Osiris; and a kneeling figure of Neith are among the magnificent works in the collection of antiquities formed by the late Field-Marshal Earl Kitchener. They are to be sold at Sotheby's

DURING his active life as a soldier, the famous Lord Kitchener of Khartum found a delightful interest in forming a fine collection of antiquities, Roman glass, and Chinese pottery and porcelain. This celebrated collection is to be sold at Messrs. Sotheby's on November 16 and 17.

Among the most interesting items of the antiquities is an unusually good figure of Osiris, about 15½ ins. high, retaining some traces of gilding; two Greek rhytons (drinking horns), one modelled as a ram's head, and the other ending in a goose's head; and some fine Roman amphoræ of the third to the fourth century. There are also some excellent examples of Turkish faience, but the main part of the collection consists of Chinese porcelain which occupies the whole of the second day's sale.

The vases belonging to the K'ang Hsi period (1662-1722) decorated in "*famille verte*" enamels are good examples of this Renaissance period of the Chinese ceramic art, when the purity of the glazing and the beauty of the decoration reached their highest point. Of the same period are two attractive equestrian figures (in green and orange glazes) seated on Mongolian ponies having yellow saddlecloths and green trappings.

"THE LOVERS' CARESS": This is the theme of a fine stipple-decorated goblet, signed by Frans Greenwood, included in this week's sale at Sotheby's of Gothic, early Renaissance, and other glassware. Greenwood was the son of English parents and was born in Rotterdam in 1680

During the past week (on November 10) a rare collection of Gothic early Renaissance glass was sold at Messrs. Sotheby's. It had been formed under the guidance of one of the leading Dutch experts on glass and contained some very beautiful specimens. Perhaps the finest in the collection were four extremely rare signed glasses by Frans Greenwood, who was born in 1680, at Rotterdam, of English parents. These four highly-decorated glasses bear the various dates 1743, 1739, and 1747. The designs, finely stippled on the bowls, consist of a pair of lovers; a woman seated at a table lighted by a candle, in her hands a purse; a full-length figure of a woman carrying three babies in her right arm, and two men bending over a games board playing trick-track.

There were also some engraved marriage goblets, supposed to have been made by Jacob Sang, though no signed work of his appears to have been known at so early a date as 1737, shown upon the goblet. Collectors of early Venetian glass would rejoice in the sixteenth-century enamelled glass Tazza, having the winged lion of St. Mark in the centre, but the collection was richest in the glasses of the Rhineland and of the gilded glass of Bohemia.

Japanese colour prints are always decorative, but there are some in the collection formed by the late Sir R. Leicester Harmsworth, to be sold at Sotheby's on November 21, which have a special attraction. A triptych, belonging to the latter half of the eighteenth century, showing a Tea House at Shinagawa, with its open-air balcony looking over the Bay of Yedo, dotted with sailing craft, is full of life and interest. Another triptych showing a Drapery Shop, with ladies and a gentleman passing along the street, is also excellent. A particularly fascinating print is entitled "Autumn Moon at Komokata," representing a geisha landing from a boat, assisted by her male attendant, who holds her long *Samisen* case. There are boats on the river on which the moon is shining.

Mr. W. R. Hearst, the American newspaper proprietor, had, during recent years, gathered at St. Donat's Castle, Glamorgan, a rare collection of furniture, all kinds of objects of art, and in particular old English and foreign silver. All this is now to be dispersed. St. Donat's Castle is for sale and the silver is to be sold at the salerooms of Messrs. Christie's on December 14.

A TEA HOUSE AT SHINAGAWA: This triptych is the work of Toyokuni (1769-1825) and is among the many Japanese colour prints and drawings in the collection of the late Sir R. Leicester Harmsworth which is to be disposed of at Sotheby's on November 21

B. H.

CONTINUATIONS

LINDBERGH ISLAND (*Continued from page 254*)

what he could about it. Not study it from death—lifeless cells, bloodless muscles. No use trying to reach sound conclusions about life from "mere meat." Bernard had insisted that every organ had its "internal milieu," that structure, function, and environment formed a unity and should be studied as such.

To get his first living organ, Carrel twenty-six years ago cut the fleck of a beating heart from an incubating unborn chick and transferred a segment of it to its "environment" of embryonic chicken juice, Carrel's own invention. The culture remains alive to this day, carefully tended by nurses who bathe it and regulate its diet. The point is that the tissue's structure and function can interplay in its proper environment.

Yet the culture told nothing about growing old because it did not age itself as do organs through chemical changes. Therefore, whole living organs would have to be studied in specially invented glass bodies, and that was where Lindbergh eventually stepped in, perfusion pumps putting aeroplanes quite in second place.

Nor is there any mistaking the success of the Lindbergh pump which has kept upwards of 1,000 organs alive—hearts, livers, spleens, the hearts beating on, the glands secreting, other organs functioning just as they do within the bodies from which they've been taken. Lindbergh's great difficulty was to overcome the common tendency to blood coagulation. His apparatus had to be most minutely conceived.

It is now as good as certain that the pathologist of the future will be able to watch the progress of TB in a lung section, or observe arteries hardening, or follow glands actually at work, the thyroid, pituitary, adrenal, whose hormones differentiate us one from another. Further, it should be possible to study the process of ageing of blood and tissue, and from that pass on to improving their quality, i.e., giving greater protection against disease.

"Rid ourselves of toxic products and we'll regularly live to be 100 and more!" proclaims Carrel.

. . . Looking across a wicked sea at St. Gildas, perhaps one understood how old Breton women should talk of *korrigans*. One also understood why these two men should be left in peace, bent over their "medical engineering," as they call it. For there may well be bigger things germinating on this Breton spot than a bold solo crossing of the ocean by means of an invention to-day seriously criticised if not widely cursed.

The Lindbergh–Carrel partnership is permanent. The first, it is said, will not return home until his children are able to look after themselves. On the other hand, the doctor, who leaves Rockefeller Institute next year and sets up in his own laboratory, should head each summer for the isles, there to check up on experiments and inventive advance with his illustrious collaborator.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS (*Continued from page 272*)

as great a diversity in them as in the Bond Streets and Old Kent Roads of London. Mr. Beaton manages to convey this sense of being intimately at home in the city.

Needless to say, the abundant photographs are brilliantly taken and wittily selected. Most of them are the author's own work.

With the fourth volume, THE JOURNALS AND LETTERS OF REGINALD VISCOUNT ESHER (Nicholson and Watson. 25s.) are taken from 1916 to 1930. His brother, the present Lord Esher, who has undertaken the editing and compilation of the papers, continues to bring to his work the lucidity and the understanding which made the foregoing volumes so remarkably readable in their arrangement.

Lord Esher, in spite of his very great capabilities, was always averse to taking a place in public life. During the reign of King Edward VII he was offered the Secretaryship of State for War, and pressed by the King and Balfour to accept it. Later Lord Morley asked him to succeed Lord Minto as Viceroy. Both great appointments were refused for reasons which one of his memorandums can best explain.

"My career has been, in the ordinary sense of language, personal and obscure. From early days I decided—whether wisely or unwisely—that such poor gifts as my ancestors, under God's care, had endowed me, were better suited to a guarded life. On two occasions I was sorely tempted to abandon the determination at which I had after much reflection arrived . . . My wish is to leave no record. I have printed a few things for the amusement of those who knew me. I have never desired and I do not desire publicity of any kind."

Two things stand out in this volume: Esher's loyalty to Douglas Haig, when, after the reverses of early 1918, Haig was the butt of a growing government faction, and the wisdom and far-sightedness of his personal reflections. The charm and the humour that is shown in so many of his letters is only one of the facets of that distinguished man who was to write, "War can only be made with passion—peace can only be made without it."

The Chelsea Arts Club Annual Ball will be held at the Royal Albert Hall on Friday, December 30, 1938, this being a day earlier than usual on account of the fact that New Year's Eve falls on a Saturday this year. The first issue of tickets is priced at 1½ guineas—this will be increased later—and tickets include supper served in the gallery. Fancy dress is essential for men, but Venetian cloaks may be worn. Tickets may be obtained from the Royal Albert Hall, the ticket agencies, from members of the Chelsea Arts Club, and from G. Sherwood Foster, 15, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7, to whom all correspondence should be addressed. Telephone Western 5148. Doors open 9.30. Dancing 10 p.m. to 5 a.m.

The 11th Amateur Boxing Tournament will be held at the Royal Albert Hall on Wednesday, December 7, at 7 p.m. to aid The Duchess of York's Maternity Clinic of the Royal Free Hospital. A fine evening's sport is ensured, for there will be open invitation competitions in five weights (bantam, feather, light, welter, and middle) between members of the Imperial Services Boxing Association, the Scottish Amateur Boxing Association, the Welsh Amateur Boxing Association, and London clubs. In addition there will be heavy and light-heavy contests between members of the City of London Police, the Derby Borough Police, the Metropolitan Police, and the Belsize Boxing Club. Tickets range from 1s. 2d. (unreserved) to 20s. (ring seats) and may be obtained from the Albert Hall box office, Keith Prowse, or several other of the larger agencies.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

THIS Society was most gratified to learn that its Newport Market Army Bands School, recently removed to Fortescue House School, Twickenham, has retained the former privilege extended to it, that of sending a contingent of boys to line the Forecourt of Buckingham Palace on the occasion of the state opening of Parliament, and on Tuesday last, November 8, such a party was sent. Will those readers who are in sympathy with the work of training poor boys for Army Bands, please send a gift to enable more boys to be so trained. Please send all donations to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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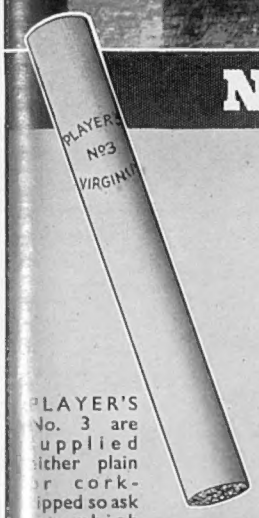
THE HOUSE OF AGNES — 71, St. Dunstan's Street, Canterbury, traditionally associated with Charles Dickens and said to be the original of Mr. Wickfield's "very old house, bulging out over the road."

Notable, in matters of smoking, is that other famous number—Player's No. 3. It is a number with definite associations . . . the mellowness, the distinctive flavour and aroma of a *finer quality* cigarette.



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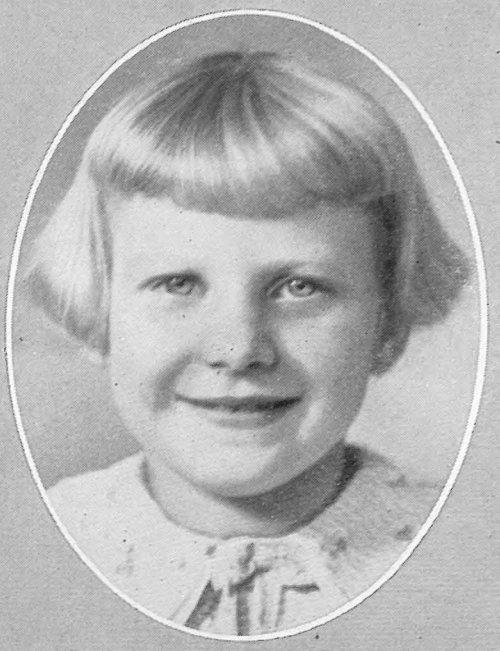

HILDA.—Motherless, father out of work, one of the 1,200 children received last year. But . . .

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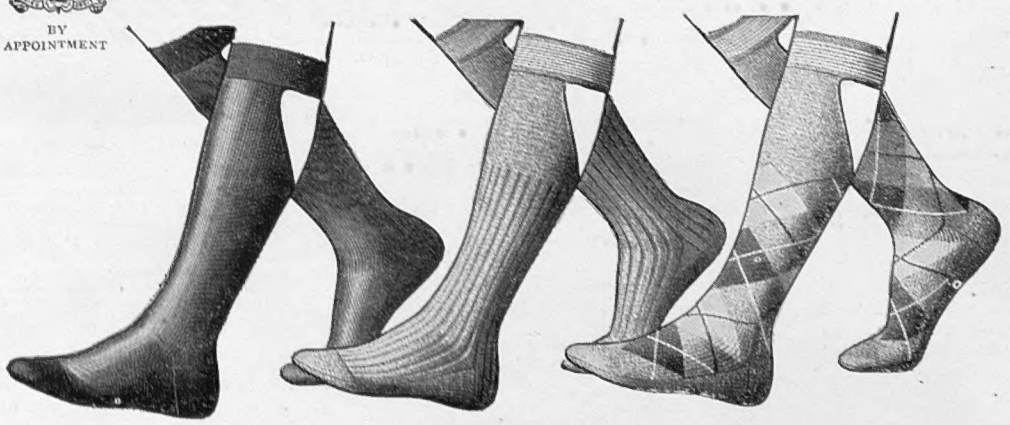
TENOVA SOCKS stay up

BY APPOINTMENT



The ultimate stage of sock evolution, Tenova socks are sock and suspender all in one piece. They need no adjustment, no attention. The band at the top, containing Lastex yarn, keeps them always comfortably up. And naturally, when the socks go to the laundry, the band goes too. For town, 3/6, 4/6, 5/6 and 7/6. For tennis, from 3/6. For golf, 7/6. For evening, 7/6 and 12/6. Obtainable from good shops for men.

TENOVA self-supporting socks

Regd. Trade Mark 506265. Patent No. 323457. Reg. Design 748974.

Stephens Brothers Limited, Distributors for Tenova Limited, 157-161 Regent Street, London, W.1 · Regent 2424

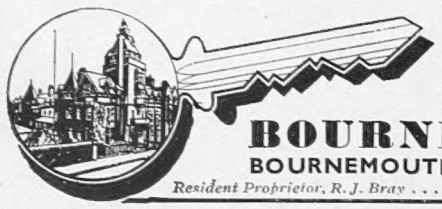
It's no Fairy Tale—

this Winter sunshine at the Tollard Royal. Here you can sunbathe 24 hours a day, if you will. For ultra-violet rays and ozone are permanently on tap—by a unique process—in our famous Solarium. So a Winter holiday at the Tollard Royal means all the delights of Bournemouth *with a watertight insurance against bad weather.* Come down and believe in fairy tales at

TOLLARD ROYAL HOTEL

BOURNEMOUTH

A first-class hotel with Licensed Bridge Club attached. Terms from 5 gns. Details from Martin Solar.



*Winter Terms : **3** to **6 gns.** a week!*

At Bourne Hall Hotel you can winter in real comfort from **3** to **6 gns.** a week. 100 rooms to choose from with constant hot water, central heating, and gas, coal or electric fires. Billiards and Bridge in the Hotel : outside . . . all the attractions of Bournemouth within a 1d. bus ride.

BOURNE HALL HOTEL

BOURNEMOUTH Telephone : Bournemouth five

Resident Proprietor, R. J. Bray . . . under the same direction as the Riposo Hotel, Bexhill.

HASTINGS

QUEEN'S HOTEL—Leading and Best

DINER DANSANT—SATURDAYS—IN NEW DINING ROOM

Sea Front *Telephone : 201*

20 miles from a station, hidden away in one of the loneliest corners of this island, in 400 acres of private grounds and beaches, you will find

LEE ABBEY HOTEL

Nr. LYNTON

ON NORTH DEVON'S WESTERN COAST LINE

The rounds, a natural bird-sanctuary, are now a delight to the eye, the private golf course is in perfect condition, the weather is fine and the terms are exceptionally moderate. Why not Winter with us? Write for an illustrated brochure or telephone Lynton 24

THE ROYAL GLEN HOTEL SIDMOUTH *'Phone 221*

The Hotel with a Country House atmosphere, situated in picturesque grounds adjoining the esplanade.

DIET A SPECIALITY.

Terms Moderate and Inclusive. Resident Proprietors : Mr. and Mrs. W. MARTIN.

VICTORIA HOTEL

For a restful holiday and mildness of climate, stay at the Victoria this winter. VITA-GLASS SUN LOUNGE. Well-appointed Public Rooms, Self-contained Suites, also Bedrooms with private bath. Passenger Lift to all floors. Central Heating. Facing due South and overlooking sea. Fully licensed. Lock-up Garages.

Write RESIDENT MANAGER for REDUCED WINTER TERMS.

BROCHURE (S) GLADLY SENT ON REQUEST.

Telegrams : VICTORIA, SIDMOUTH. *Telephone :* SIDMOUTH 11

SIDMOUTH, S. DEVON

WINTER *in South Devon's Loveliest Hotel*

Where winter is a season to be enjoyed. A glorious country house set in 30 acres of sheltered garden. Sport to your heart's content—Hunting, Riding, Shooting, Golf and miles of moorland walks. An hotel which is beautifully furnished, and the last word in civilised comfort—with central heating, crackling log fires, hot and cold softened water in every bedroom, perfect beds, a watchful staff and food which you will enjoy and remember.

Terms from 4½ guineas a week inclusive

KNAPPE CROSS, nr. Exmouth, South Devon

Write also to the Manager for details of a real old-fashioned Christmas

In Quest of

Stopping Places Beyond the Limits o the Hog's Back Hotel: What Oa

SATURDAY, October 29, 1938. The time 2.30 p.m. The weather: visibility tending to become nil. A London "particular" was threatening, but the football fans were as optimistic as usual; and from all parts they were converging on London's grounds. Even if they could not see the goal posts they would be able to "feel" the trend of the game.

One lone model yacht enthusiast (and a grown man at that) watched his boat listlessly floating on the Putney Common pond. At any moment *The Britannia* might be enveloped in the mist. But optimism reigned supreme; a breeze might be around the corner!

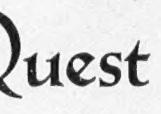
But we, speeding westwards, were the most optimistic of all. We believed that once we got to Esher we should pierce that yellow shroud—as most surely we did. Yellow fog gave place to a golden yellow sun. Back went the sliding roof, up went the side windows, and we sped along that lovely stretch of Portsmouth road with no fixed goal except—a cup of tea.

And then we remembered, at just the right distance for our purpose, the Hog's Back Hotel on the very centre of the "animal's spine," forty miles from London. Forty miles from a fog-enshrouded land. Maybe we should never have stopped if we had not already known that the austere, barrack-like, almost forbidding exterior had one of the most attractive interiors in the whole of Surrey, and for that matter counties far beyond. As we went in we espied a notice, "The manager will be pleased to show visitors over the hotel." "A show piece" we at once surmised, and a show piece it is.

But first of all, tea. British hotels tend to break down on that important English institution, but not so at the Hog's Back Hotel. "Indian or China?" we were asked as we sank into our chairs; and only a few minutes elapsed before we were regaled with a galaxy of sandwiches, bread and butter and home-made jam. The cakes were not 100 per cent., but that is a point easily rectified. We had a full one-and-sixpence worth; and ere we went, felt we had a hog-like benign expression on our faces. But before leaving we introduced ourselves to Mr. Jason Gurney, the manager, who exudes hospitality and is a living testimony to the benefits to be derived from good living at the Hog's Back Hotel.

From one of the top rooms we surveyed five counties. From the gardens we sniffed the fresh air which is such a

Entertainment . . .



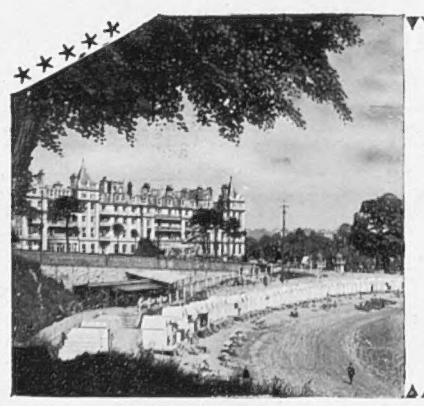
London begins at the Alexandra—nearly all map distances are measured from Hyde Park Corner. Entertainment for yourself—Mayfair, the Shops, and Theatres close at hand. And, for your friends, nowhere could be more suitable to invite them for a theatre, dinner, or to "put them up" for the week-end. Our cuisine, comfort, and service—unquestionable; our terms moderate beyond dispute.

Alexandra Hotel

HYDE PARK CORNER - - LONDON, S.W.1

140 rooms with running water, central heating, and telephone.

Write or telephone SLOane 4521



Wonderful winter, in England too . . .

Snow on the Grampians: fog on the Thames: but here a wonderful winter. Also a sliding scale . . . the longer you stay the less you pay!

The **GRAND, TORQUAY**

On the edge of Torbay — the leading hotel in Torquay. 200 rooms and suites, many with private bath. A.A. (5 star) R.A.C. Write R.Paul Manager, for details.

NOVEMBER . . . . and then

Days are drawing in. A perceptible nip in the air. Winter clothes come out. But at Lincombe Hall, Torquay . . . . nestling in its own lovely grounds . . . sheltered and protected . . . there is warmth without . . . and within. In this fair corner of sunny Devon we smile at winter . . . so come and winter with us that you can smile too.

LINCOMBE HALL

The Garden Hotel of Torquay

THE GARDEN HOTEL Lincombe Hall OF TORQUAY

South aspect and central heating throughout. Full staff and service. 50 bedrooms . . . many with private bath. Write for descriptive brochure. *Inclusive winter terms now available from 3½-6 gns.*

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

London's Fog Belt: Good Living at ands Offers to Permanent Residents

prominent feature of this elysium in the wilds. We peeped into one or more of the occupied bedrooms prior to their owners returning from their country pursuits. We looked into the intimate cocktail bar and it was only with extreme reluctance but fortified by the knowledge of a previous appointment that we sped on our way towards London again . . . our destination being the Oatlands Park Hotel, near Weybridge.

This very first-class residential hotel is well known to many readers of this weekly article, but while they may have visited it in spring or summer a new vista is opened up by a week-end there during those winter months when London itself tends to be wrapped up in one of its own special "particulars."

Here, but half an hour from the City or West End, is clean air unpolluted by industrialism. Here are sixty acres of parkland where trees are evergreen and where there are well gravelled walks for constitutionals after wet weather. Here one can live comfortably, warmly, amid a congenial colony of people (rarely less than 100 I suppose) and with extraordinary lenience to one's purse.

From 5 guineas a week one can enjoy not only all the convenience and the comforts of a well-run establishment but also have included in the terms golf on an 18-hole small but sporting course, the use of three squash courts, hard tennis courts, badminton and a most excellent dance on Saturday night to the strains of a London dance band. There were some 170 dancing on Saturday, October 29, which is about the average number.

What a marvellous place Oatlands must be to the City man who either has no family ties or prefers to make his home at Oatlands. An hotel bus carries him to and from the station free. Everything to help him forget the worries of the day at Oatlands in the evenings and at the week-end. And then, supposing London is wrapped in a pea-souper, he can from his bedside ring up his secretary and tell her that there is nothing vitally important to come up for so he is doing a little quiet thinking in the country.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

THE CAIRN HYDRO
HARROGATE

The only Five Star Hydro in England

Five Star in all but price, the Cairn Hydro is hard by the Royal Baths and Royal Hall—yet on the edge of the moors. Here is everything for recreation of mind and body. Oakdale Golf Course five minutes' walk away. Bridge, dancing, tennis on the spot. All modern electrical and hydropathic treatment and studied diets.

Quietness

with an atmosphere of unostentatious luxury, and a first-class cuisine, unite in making Hans Crescent Hotel one of the best that London can offer. Facing Harrods, adjacent to Hyde Park and handy for theatres and shopping. Ideal for Receptions and Private Dances. Sprung Dance Floor. Brochure on request.

HANS CRESCENT HOTEL

Knightsbridge, S.W.1 *Tel.: Sloane 3421. Telegrams: Hancrestel, London*

WHITENESS HOTEL

45-6-7, QUEEN'S GARDENS, HYDE PARK, **LONDON, W. 2**

CONTROLLABLE RADIATORS IN ALL BEDROOMS. ALL BEDROOMS running water, G.P.O. Telephones, Gas Fires. Room and Breakfast from **8/6** nightly. Inclusive weekly from **3½ gns.** single. **6 gns.** double. SOME DOUBLE BEDROOMS with their own tiled bathrooms and toilets en suite, with breakfast nightly **12/6** single. **21/-** double. NIGHT PORTER. A.A. Recommended R.A.C. LIFT. RESIDENT OWNER. Telephone: PAD. 8047-8048

SCOTLAND

EDINBURGH **THE ALISON HOTEL**
Melville Crescent

Equipped with modern conveniences which make for comfort and prompt service. Centrally situated.

Telephone 31295 *Telegrams: Melcrest, Edinburgh*

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Bognor.—"Dalbeattie." Tel. 1492.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Royal Bath Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (Kent).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Hotel. Tel. 42.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Palace Hotel. Tel. 2271.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)
Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl.W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
S.Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE.

Beaulieu-s-Mer.—Hotel Victoria.—100 rooms full south, large sunny garden, excellent cooking. Pension from 50 frs.

French Riviera.—Navirotel.—Le Trayas (Var) Near Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet with terms.

Monte-Carlo.—Hotel Prince de Galles.—Strictly first-class. Beautiful garden. Magnificent view. Moderate terms.

GERMANY.

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps, **Sonnenbichl.—Golf Hotel.**—Incomparably beautiful situated. First-class hotel. Every comfort at mod. terms.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perfect hotel-building. Select home of international Society and Aristocracy.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior,** near the Hauptbahnhof. First-class, modern, and quietly placed. Rooms from RM. 3.50 onwards.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. family hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—Worldrnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

MADEIRA.

Funchal.—Hotel Victoria.—Op. Csno. Bdrms. h. & c., very centl. Frm 10/6 incl. Under the supervsn of the proprs. Cables–Comfort, Funchal.

SWITZERLAND.

Davos-Platz.—Angleterre & Park Hotel.—Ldg. Engl. Htl. nr. Parsenn & Schatzalp Railwy. Nrly. evry rm. wh. loggia, gd. fd. & ser. New Man., H. Verdino.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lausanne (Ouchy).—Hotel Balmoral.—Quietest sit. Very comfortable. Excellent catering. Weekly terms, incl. tips, £3 5s. No taxes.

Lausanne.—Victoria.—Ideal Residence for autumn and winter. Quiet but convenient. Inclusive from 12/-.

Pontresina (Engadine).—The Kronenhof.—The traditional English house.

To Directors, Export Managers, Sales Managers and Heads of Overseas Institutions

Within exactly one week from to-day the first Christmas mails will be leaving, and no doubt you will wish to send to your many customers and colleagues overseas an expression of goodwill and friendship. The form it should take may be a perplexing problem for you, and in this connection the Publisher of The SPHERE begs to offer a suggestion. It is one adopted by a number of firms in recent years with very gratifying results. The plan is to allow us on your behalf to send all your overseas customers and friends a copy of The CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE SPHERE. This favourite Illustrated Newspaper is known and appreciated in every country of the world . . . and the Christmas Number makes a personal gift full of the spirit of Yuletide in the Old Country. This year's issue is unusually fine, containing no less than thirty-three pages in full colour. A special feature in the Number is entitled "IN THE DAYS OF THE NELSON TOUCH." It includes battle stories and pictures, with a special section discussing the dress of Nelson's sailors; the naval illustrations are published in full colour for the first time. The price per copy, including postage in Great Britain and abroad, is 2/4½d.—to Canada and Newfoundland 2/1½d. Please address your communication with lists (which can be returned to you if you wish) to The Publisher, The SPHERE, 32/34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. He will arrange complete dispatch for you in good time to catch the Christmas mails. Your greeting card can be enclosed with each copy. Christmas mails for Australia must be posted by Nov. 17: for U.S.A. Dec. 9 and Canada by Dec. 2.

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